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The Bold Colonial Boy

▶ WHEN ANOTHER WOMAN speaks well of her husband, a wife looks at him with a meditative eye and wonders if there can be something there, after all, that she has missed. Reports of the English popular reaction to Mr. Diefenbaker during his recent visit on Commonwealth business have caused many Canadians, in a somewhat similar way, to take a second look at their new Prime Minister. Can it be true, they ask themselves, that the English actually *liked* Mr. Diefenbaker? Of course he is a Tory, and the English have a Tory government themselves, but there is a difference between Tories who belong to their party because of their breeding tradition and Tories who belong to it because they believe it is what God has required of them. The English are not a religious people like us—they respect God because he is an old Etonian but they do not like to talk about Him unless they are swearing. Mr. Diefenbaker, it seems, can't stop talking about Him and about how much we must thank Him for the Tory victory; indeed he has left some of us with the impression that the Everlasting went personally to the polls to get rid of the Liberals. Out of a vague sense (largely mistaken as it happens) that in the 'Old Country' good taste and civilization prevail, many people are astonished that the English could have warmed to a small-town character like Mr. Diefenbaker.

One should remember the bland propensity of the English for representing as innocuous what is in fact crass and gross. When Billy Graham visited Britain, Archbishop Fisher stood with him on his platform, and *The Times* constantly referred to him in notices that were almost obsequious as 'Dr. Graham'. One should remember too that the English like people to conform to type—a gentlemen should behave like a gentlemen, an angry young man like an angry young man, a wog like a wog and a wop like a wop. Colonials behave like—well, colonials. I was brought up in Ireland myself, but even there we had a clear notion of what a colonial should be. He should be young and clear-eyed—whatever that means; he should have a clean, muscular neck and a firm handshake. He had to have a good heart and good intentions, but he was permitted a great deal of latitude in his manners. It was no matter for astonishment if he should chew tobacco and spit, so long as he did not do so on the axminster. He was expected to boast, and even to consider himself as good as the next man. All this was forgiven him provided he showed a proper sense of filial piety towards the Mother Country. To a degree this image of the colonial, or something like it, still prevails in Britain. Indeed, one could make out a case that in some quarters it still prevails in Canada.

Now, while it cannot be said that Mr. Diefenbaker answers in every particular to this description, there is at least a general correspondence. He looks young for a prime minister, he has an engaging smile, he positively drips

sincerity. His errors against good taste are no more than one expects. He is a member of a party which has hinted that it is behind the Mother Country even in her moments of wildest folly, namely in adventures like Suez. And on top of all this he presumably appeals to the strong sporting sense of the British, who knows that he has attained power for the first time in his life and by the skin of his teeth and that he will have to be very astute or very lucky to retain it.

It isn't really surprising that such a man arriving in London at such a moment—the occasion of a Commonwealth get-together—should appeal to the British. Such a man would tend to make the Commonwealth seem real, that is to say, seem like the Empire; and so provide a link with past greatness. For the Commonwealth idea has become so complex and so nebulous that no one understands it except a handful of professors of the new and profitable academic speciality known as 'Commonwealth relations'. And the professors, if they themselves understand it, are not going to do anything so coarse as to explain it in terms that the many-headed can grasp. They might explain it away, and lose their chairs. The Commonwealth, in fact, seems suspiciously like a face-saving device for Britain, a conjuring trick by which imperial defeats are turned into victories of enlightenment, a polite fiction that only the Irish and the Burmese had the bad taste to repudiate. After Suez the device had begun to wear a little thin, the quickness of the imperial hand no longer deceived the colonial eye. The appearance in London of a Tory prime minister from the oldest and least dependent dominion, emitting in

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Current Comment

Trading Ideas

The news that a committee of Canadians and Americans from various walks of life has been set up under the sponsorship of the National Planning Association to study frictions in economic contacts between the two countries is very good news. Protectionism is clearly on the increase in Canadian business and labour circles; a new Conservative Prime Minister is full of vague and disturbing ideas about "re-directing" Canada's international trade; a Royal Commission has reported portentously about the "dangers" of foreign investment; there is the problem of American wheat giveaways and of our own wheat surplus; and finally, the premium on the Canadian dollar of which the general public is so proud seems to many Canadian exporters, and to producers of import-competing goods, to be an irksome and unnecessary handicap about which the government "ought to do something". These and other similar problems may become germs of mistaken policies on the part of either government or both, with effects more damaging to the Canadian standard of living than to the American. The work of forty distinguished citizens, twenty from each country, would have a considerable influence on public opinion and government policy both here and in the United States.

There are several indications that the influence will be all to the good. The Canadian co-chairman of the committee is Mr. R. M. Fowler whose liberal views in matters of international trade are well known. His American counterpart is Mr. R. Douglas Stuart, formerly the ambassador of the United States to Canada, now chairman of the board of Quaker Oats Company. Mr. Stuart's diplomatic experience must have given him a better insight into the tender sensibilities of Canadian nationalism than that given to the more troglodytic members of the American business community, while his present position should provide him with many opportunities for ascertaining the economic motives and the limits of nationalist agitation in both countries. The quality of the committee's work is likely to be high.

The National Planning Association has an enviable record of scholarly publications which could have been produced only by a group of able and independent research workers. Presumably, the Association's resources will be available to the committee. The inclusion in the Canadian contingent of Principal W. A. Mackintosh of Queen's University and of Mr. Graham Towers, the former Governor of the Bank of Canada, to name only two, will ensure that the committee will be briefed thoroughly on the working of our economy. It is to be hoped that the committee's work will enjoy the best of luck . . . and the widest publicity.

S. S.

Cabinet Making with Green Lumber

However it performs in office, John Diefenbaker's 18th Canadian Ministry has already set one record. It has been longest in the building of any Canadian ministry since Confederation. Piecemeal cabinet making has been the exception in Canada, and only Macdonald's Ministry of 1878, where some three weeks elapsed before appointments were complete, has approached the Diefenbaker record. In the

United Kingdom of course, the sheer size of the ministry, with its variety of cabinet ministers, ministers not in the cabinet, parliamentary secretaries, and other political officers, makes appointment by stages imperative. But in Canada all appointments have usually been made at once. Yet a month after Mr. Diefenbaker took office four or five cabinet posts are still vacant. The departments not yet allotted are of course headed by acting ministers from among the ministers already appointed, and this overloading of inexperienced ministers cannot but hinder their mastery of new duties in the few months before Parliament meets.

But Mr. Diefenbaker faces problems no other new Canadian prime minister has faced. Only the Unionist government of 1917, with three Quebec seats in the Commons, and Mr. King's government after the election of 1925, when only twelve Ontario members were returned, have had to deal with such an imbalance of representation from the two largest provinces. And in these two cases an experienced prime minister at the head of an already established government was carrying on after a general election. Mr. King in 1921 was the only other new prime minister to form a minority government, and his was by far the largest single party in the House.

Not only must Mr. Diefenbaker take into account normal demands of Canadian federalism and of the composite nature of Canadian society—as modified of course by the realities of his political support—he must from a largely untested group put together a ministry which will perform well in the short run and yet not provide impossible obstacles to rebuilding in the light of an early election. And all this must be



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done without repudiating debts for past services or alienating future support. Some Ontario commentators have urged that Mr. Diefenbaker should cut through the web of political calculations and base his appointments on ability alone; but with the bulk of his supporters in the House coming from one province this could lead to one result only.

No wonder Mr. Diefenbaker hesitates. But it is in such times that conventions and usages may be put to the test and those that do not reflect political realities discarded. Perhaps Mr. Diefenbaker might consider Mr. King's position after October 29th, 1925. Of the five Ontario ministers only one remained in Parliament—a senator—and after the resignations of those most decisively rejected by the electors Mr. King's Cabinet contained two senators with portfolios, both of whom had possibly been slated for retirement after the election, and one minister without a seat in Parliament. The case against portfolios for senators might be reconsidered now that parliamentary assistants have become firmly established. The tradition requiring all ministers to have seats in the Commons rather than in the Senate is after all a fairly recent one, and in the nineteenth century it was possible for the Senate to provide two prime ministers. Not only might Senate portfolios ease Mr. Diefenbaker's problem with Quebec, they might also help to revive a venerable institution.

W. B. GRASHAM.

Clubmanship

A favorite play in good clubmanship is a frequently expressed reverence for the indefinable spirit, the inarticulate major premise, the *je ne sais quoi* which binds its members together so that they may act at variance with a clear conscience. There is nothing wrong in this. In fact, there is an essential civility in it.

The Commonwealth club is of this order, held together in large part by some creative historical accidents and an accidentally creative concept. It still seems, however, after this eighth post-war meeting of the Commonwealth prime ministers, that neither its changing nature nor its true potential in international relations was a matter of great concern on the part of those who attended. If they did discuss such matters, we ought to know about it and we heard little. The result is that those who report such a conference are not induced to give much of an uplift to the Commonwealth idea. It was very difficult to find much real treatment in Canadian papers either of the conference itself or of the subjects of the communiqué. Commonwealth trade received its meed as did the all-important question of whether the new Canadian Prime Minister was a "success." But are not nuclear energy and the Commonwealth, Ghana, Malaya and the Commonwealth, the Middle East and the Commonwealth matters for full, urgent and imaginative treatment? And what, may we know, was the really "constructive action" designed to strengthen the United Nations?

But beyond all this treatment of the current and the desire of Mr. Macmillan to have a séance where he might lay the Suez ghost, more time should have been spent on the future of the club. Its latent capacity to absorb the differences of colour, policy and wealth, and turn them to political advantage is its greatest asset. A conference devoted entirely to matters of Commonwealth concern in Africa—in South Africa, in the Central African Federation and in East Africa—would show the club for the unique organism it is. This kind of meeting should be held soon if its gatherings are to become properly significant and purposeful. The Prime Minister of South Africa might not attend, but neither did he come when more innocuous matters were on the agenda.

Meanwhile, our minds might be turned not so much to new Ottawa agreements as to some mutual economic underpinning of the Commonwealth idea by further help to underdeveloped territories within the pale. The Volta scheme in Ghana could be more crucial than Commonwealth trade and capital investment in the older free lands. In both these critical matters, political and economic, Britain could give the lead, but she must be pressed by the older members. If they do not press her, the entire shape and pace and setting of these gatherings of friends will change rapidly and the leadership might change as fast. We should not forget that one man has been to more Commonwealth conferences than any of the others. He is Mr. Nehru.

G. H.

Canadian Calendar

- John Diefenbaker accepted the Governor General's invitation to form Canada's first Conservative Government in 22 years on June 17.
- Canadian wheat exports in May totalled 20,750,000 bushels compared with 38,500,000 bushels in May 1956 and with the 10 year average of 24,800,000 bushels a month. Shipments in the current year up to May totalled 185,400,000 bushels compared with 201,208,000 last year at the same period.
- A party of university students, members of the Student Christian Movement, will spend the summer in voluntary Arctic work at Frobisher Bay in order to learn about the Arctic and the Eskimos.
- York Factory, the historic Hudson's Bay post founded by Radisson and Groseilliers in 1682 was shut down on June 29 after 275 years of frontier trading. For many years it was the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Co. in Canada. It was founded only 12 years after the company was granted its charter in 1670.
- Latest estimates available show that immigrant arrivals from June 1, 1946 to May 31, 1957 will probably total about 1,532,000.
- Profits of Canadian corporation before taxes fell to \$659,000,000 in the first quarter of the year, a decrease of 3.8 per cent from \$685,000,000 in the first quarter of 1956.
- More Canadians had jobs in mid-May than a month earlier and fewer were looking for work, according to the Bureau of Statistics and the Labor Department.
- John G. Diefenbaker and 16 ministers of his cabinet were sworn in on June 21. Mr. Diefenbaker retained the External Affairs post for himself. Other posts assigned were: Finance, Donald Fleming; Defense, Maj. Gen. Pearkes; Justice, Davie Fulton; Public Works, Howard C. Green; Labor, Michael Starr; Secretary of State, Ellen Fairclough; Transport, George Hees; Solicitor-General, Leon Balcer; Postmaster-General, William Hamilton; Veterans Affairs, A. J. Brooks; National Revenue, G. C. Nowlan; Fisheries, J. A. McLean; Trade & Commerce, Gordon Churchill; Northern Affairs & Natural Resources, Douglas Harkness; Ministers without Portfolio, J. M. Macdonnell, W. J. Browne.
- George Drew, former leader of the Progressive Conservative Party, was appointed new Canadian High Commissioner in London by Prime Minister Diefenbaker on June 25.
- Exports of crude petroleum, seeds, aluminum and uranium are 3.2 per cent for the first 4 months of 1957 over last year.
- The biggest foreign-aid project on Pakistan's northwest frontier is being built under the British Commonwealth's Colombo Plan. It is the \$65,000,000 Warsak hydro-electric dam, which is being constructed with Canadian financial and technical assistance on the Kabul River 20 miles northwest

of Peshawar. Canada has contributed about \$50,000,000, including direct allocations and rupee proceeds arising from the local sale of Canadian wheat sent to Pakistan.

- The first performance of the first play to be staged in the new Shakespearean Festival Theatre at Stratford, Ont. took place on July 1. The play was "Hamlet."

- Brooke Claxton, chairman of the Canada Council, announced on July 2 the council's first two grants for Canadian cultural projects, \$10,000 to the Canadian Players of Stratford and \$10,000 to Le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde of Montreal, provided both companies agree to tour from coast to coast.

- 53 new vessels have been built for Great Lakes service since 1947; 46 of these were Canadian-owned. In 10 years the Canadian shipping industry has spent more than \$100,000,000 for building, converting and modernizing commercial vessels to ply the Great Lakes. There are 285 Canadian registered commercial vessels operating on the Great Lakes.

- Construction work on the Ontario Hydro's St. Lawrence project is now more than 60 per cent completed. The first power is expected in about a year.

- An estimated 31,124 passenger cars were turned out by the automobile industry in June, compared with 39,772 in May and 40,505 in April—a reduction of 25 per cent from the 41,966 of June 1956. Truck manufacturing showed a much sharper decline.

- Prime Minister Diefenbaker told a press conference on July 6 that it was his government's intention to divert 15 per cent of Canada's purchases from the United States to the United Kingdom.

- The Canadian steel industry in the first five months of this year turned out a record total of 2,190,089, tons of steel ingots.

- Contract awards for building in Canada for the first six months of this year amounted to \$1,392,115,000, or \$223,414,700 below the record set in the corresponding period of 1956. This was due largely to a 41.5 per cent decline in residential construction.

- The sales volumes of big stores in Canada reached in the first five months of 1957 a new peak of \$463,358,000, an increase of 5 per cent over the total of \$440,416,000 for the similar period of 1956.

- The Queen will formally open the first session of Canada's new parliament on Monday, Oct 14, during a five day visit to Ottawa.

- On July 9 a \$4,000,000 hydro-electric project, built under the Colombo plan, was formally turned over to India today by Canada's High Commissioner, Chester Ronning. The Umtru project, 17 miles south of Gauhati in the province of Assam, was opened by Assam's Governor Fazalali. Canada donated electric equipment and engineering services valued at nearly \$1,000,000. The Indian share of the project was met out of rupees realized from the sale of Canadian aluminum to the Indian cable industry, supplied under the Commonwealth's Colombo plan.

- Six Canadian students have been awarded scholarships of \$1,500 for postgraduate study abroad in international or industrial relations under a bequest of the late Mackenzie King, it was announced on July 9 by the University of British Columbia, whose president Norman A. M. MacKenzie, is one of the trustees.

- Canada's exports of wheat declined to 215,400,000 bushels in August 1956-May 1957 from 234,600,000 in the similar period a year ago.

- Chain store sales in Canada during the first five months this year rose 10.3 per cent over the same 1956 period to \$1,019,847,000.

- The federal government announced on July 11 salary increases for about 130,000 civil servants. They will cost the treasury an estimated \$110,000,000 a year and range between 3½ and 12 per cent.

Elections Have Consequences

Walter Filley

► WILL THE PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE victory of June tenth usher in another of the cycles of one-party dominance which have recurred in Canada's political history? After the debacle which befell not only the Liberals but the professional pollsters and most other prognosticators in this last election, it would take a foolhardy brand of courage, even on the part of an American "neutral," to attempt to answer such a question. There may nevertheless be some purpose in exploring more critically than the naturally jubilant Conservatives are ready to do the strategy by which they extricated themselves from the ruts of twenty-two years and, at one leap, became again a governing party. The Tory campaign of 1957 could have longer-range implications for the party's future prospects than may appear at first sight.

Let us concede immediately that, at bottom, this was an anti-Government election, in which pent-up grievances of many kinds finally overhauled a party grown too sure of its invulnerability. From this perspective it was the Liberals themselves, aided and abetted by six out of ten voters backing Conservative, CCF, or Social Credit candidates, who rang down the curtain on the King-St. Laurent era. But in a democracy voters do not drift entirely spontaneously about the electoral battlefield. While only a limited number of them can be literally "commanded," parties do vie grimly in their efforts to marshal the "big battalions" required for local or national triumphs. Judged by their notable increment of seats from 51 four years ago to 110 before an untimely death, the strategy devised and pursued this time by the Conservatives was a conspicuous success.

Conceivably this attributes too much foresight and planning to a Conservative headquarters staff which was shaken up following the selection of a new leader only six months earlier and which during much of the campaign seemed to be operating under haphazard direction. However casual appearances may have been, the central targets were carefully designated and appropriate means were brought to bear upon them, as the nation-wide returns were to show. With only a moderate increase in the Conservatives' share of the popular vote, up one-fourth from 31 per cent in 1953 to 39 per cent this year, they more than doubled their quota of seats. While an extra dividend of this sort is far from uncommon in elections by single-member constituencies, the gain in actual votes was scarcely of landslide proportions. Such results presuppose some measure of shrewd planning.

The guiding principles employed apparently stemmed from Gordon Churchill, a Winnipeg MP of scholarly bent, since made Minister of Trade and Commerce. His intra-party memorandum, circulated in mid-1956, underscored the conclusion that in eight of the nine general elections since Confederation when a Government had been toppled, the decisive margin of seats had been supplied by Ontario, the Maritimes and the West. This indicated, in his opinion,

that Conservative attempts to reconquer Quebec from the Liberals amounted to squandering scarce funds and energy which could be applied more fruitfully in other (i.e. English-speaking) provinces. Contrary to prevailing belief, enough seats might be won outside of Quebec to enable the Tories to form at least a minority Government. In the words of the report, "the military maxim—reinforce success and not failure—might well be considered as applicable to political strategy."

Subsequent developments suggest that this appraisal, or at least a reasonable facsimile of it, underlay much of the recent Conservative campaign. Churchill, who had headed a pre-convention "Diefenbaker for Leadership" committee, was made national director of organization for his party. Although the choice of Diefenbaker had many motivations, the manifest displeasure of the entire Quebec delegation could not be stricken from the convention record. In addition to his lack of facility in French, Mr. Diefenbaker's evangelistic platform delivery was much more attuned to English than to French-Canadian ears. The issue which he emphasized with greatest fervor and conviction, the "degradation of Parliament," left most *Canadiens* no more moved than did the pipeline controversy last year. Furthermore Quebec's customary and generous allocation of the national party campaign budget was severely slashed in order to pump more monetary lifeblood into Tory organizations in the Prairie and Atlantic provinces.

This is not to imply that Quebec was written off as hopelessly lost. In some respects and in some areas there was an intensification of previous efforts which that party exploited most skillfully—the lagging economy of the Maritimes, the Western glut of wheat, the revision of tax agreements and, above all, the "restoration of the rights and

dignities of Parliament"—proved to have greatest pertinence for the English-speaking population. Mr. Diefenbaker's rhetoric took an excessively hyperbolic turn in his prediction that a renewal of the Liberal majority could foreclose political liberty for Canadians. The abolition of closure will provide no genuine answer to the more fundamental problem of adjusting parliamentary methods for the conduct of public business, contrived in a more leisurely age, to the mounting workloads and pressures of our own time. But, in hammering away at the arbitrary actions and paternalistic attitudes too often displayed by the Liberal Government, Mr. Diefenbaker eventually struck the tap roots of some of the deepest political convictions of a fair-sized body of Canadians, especially those imbued with British traditions. Many of them may have already been Tory to the marrow, but others were induced to shift their votes to the Conservatives by these arguments more than by local or particular dissatisfactions with Liberal policies.

Here, then, was a plan of battle, well-matched to a fresh personality and a set of issues, which might transform the Official Opposition into a minority Government. Against long odds and by the slimmest of margins, this prime objective was attained. Already the party must turn to the problem of consolidating and, if possible, enlarging its support in the House in the next election. Much, of course, will hinge on the showing of the Government itself, as it proceeds to implement its criticisms and proposals. Allowing for some back-sliding by half-hearted converts of June tenth, a new administration ought to be able to count enough initial good-will to maintain most of the headway it has now built up. A more formidable challenge will be to lift the Tory share of the popular vote from 39 per cent toward 50 per cent or better, a necessity if a reliable majority in the House is to be obtained.



BLASTING OUR WAY INTO WORLD MARKETS.

New adherents may be won over by economic and fiscal policies which are in harmony with the apparently cautious and even complacent public mood of the late fifties. (Some attempt to resolve inner contradictions in campaign statements by Mr. Diefenbaker as to the role of the state in the economy and as to the relation of taxation and expenditure to inflation would be in order here.) The ethnic-religious exclusiveness which used to turn New Canadian voters away from the Conservatives also continued to recede during this past campaign. Embattled resistance from other parties would not rule out the accumulation of additional Conservative seats and votes in such quarters, although the possibilities must not be overrated.

In the end, therefore, half or more of the 30-40 supporters in the House whom the Government would need for a stable majority will have to be sought in Quebec or constituencies outside that province with large French populations, and few of these have deviated far from the Liberal path. The calculated risks assumed in their basic strategy this year did not prevent some reinforcement of the Conservatives' French wing. Alberta and Ontario added one French Tory apiece, another was re-elected in New Brunswick and the Quebec contingent climbed from three to six. But, apart from Messrs. Hamilton and Pratt, who represent predominantly English ridings in Montreal, the Conservative seats in Quebec could not have been carried without the assistance of *Union Nationale* Ministers and MLAs. In the absence of such selective and half-camouflaged aid from the potent Duplessis organization, the federal Conservative party in the province would be no more than a frail shell.

The Liberals' French citadel escaped from this bombardment with only minor damages. Sixty-nine of their members (fifty-nine from Quebec, six from Ontario, two from New Brunswick, and one each from Manitoba and Alberta) will be French-speaking; in at least ten further ridings with mixed population, French-speaking voters were instrumental in the victories of English-speaking Liberals. This consistency cannot be rationalized as simply a testimonial to Mr. St. Laurent, *un homme de chez nous*. As H. B. Neatby argued convincingly in these pages in June, Laurier set a goal of national unity which his party, at times for political expediency and at times rather mechanically, managed to translate sufficiently into its internal practices and official policies to solidify the confidence of a major portion of the French-speaking electorate.

Many Conservatives will dissent vigorously from this conclusion in favor of the view of the *Globe and Mail* that, "while preaching unity, they (the Liberals) were practising the ancient principle, 'Divide and Rule.'" Examples of such Liberal cynicism can indeed be cited, but the Conservatives' own blind spot on this subject keeps them from becoming, as they now profess to be, "truly national in their composition as well as in their concepts." As measured by the comparative distribution of seats and provincial governments across the country, the Conservatives currently have a distinct edge on this score, although the Liberals are by no means merely a "French-Canadian party," when the votes they received in June are broken down regionally. Something more subtle than mathematical computation is involved here.

Formally the Conservatives have sought to demonstrate in a variety of ways, including their determinedly bilingual national convention last December and their efforts to obtain French candidates and organizers of higher caliber than many in years past, a positive receptiveness towards *Canadiens*. Yet their "invasion" of the French Canadian political terrain barely inches forward. Is the explanation for this that the French, as one editorial maintains, have "isolated themselves from the political mainstream"? Cult-

ural differentiation and the defensive reflexes developed over the decades have undoubtedly created somewhat distinctive political attitudes among them. Historical memories are also more slowly erased from the collective consciousness of such a group, and enough such memories are laid out against the Conservatives to impede their rapid rehabilitation among many French.

That party's strategy in 1957, to its credit, avoided the use of issues and tactics which in other years alienated French voters in droves. Yet at least in a negative sense it helped to turn them again into "political outsiders" by re-accentuating the dividing lines of nationality. Since democratic elections tend to be won by parties which diagnose most accurately and exploit most dextrously the principal alignments within the electorate, this was a choice which the Conservatives were entitled to make. Whether they can now expect to persuade many *Canadiens* to swim with the Tory tide may be quite another matter.

It is an all-too prevalent inability to grasp some of the elementary rules of political partnership between the two nationalities which continues to nullify the good intentions of more perceptive Conservatives. This insensitivity comes to light in conversations with rank and file party members who, for example, still see no reason for Mr. Diefenbaker to have asked a French delegate to second his nomination last December. A similar want of imagination reappears in the initial appointments to the new Cabinet. The massive rejection of Conservative candidates in French constituencies year after year has left an acute stringency in qualified personnel available to the Prime Minister, but surely he and others should have foreseen the disillusioning effect of naming only one French Minister among seventeen, and to a minor portfolio at that. The promise of one or more additional posts will not entirely remove the impression that under a Conservative administration whether headed by Borden, Meighen, Bennett, or Diefenbaker, French-Canadians share less fully than under the Liberals in the shaping of important public policies.

The agenda of the Diefenbaker Government is crowded with items calling for urgent attention. In order to tackle many of these issues, the Conservatives will need to establish themselves as a majority, and therefore as a truly *national* party. The first step toward this goal might well be an act of introspection.

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W. J. Stankiewicz

"To settle a difference of opinion, we know only one argument: death, whether it is a matter of submarines, manure, or the Party line to be followed in Indo-China." — Arthur Koestler.

► THE ENGINEERS of de-Stalinization — with Mr. Khrushchev in the leading role — acted logically, if unexpectedly, by purging some top die-hard Stalinists. The logic behind the move is clear. The anti-Stalinist feelings aroused massively among the Russian people since the 20th Party Congress are so widespread, the hatred of Stalin and of what he represented so deeply ingrained and his ideology so far compromised that the sacrifice of his leading associates was the inevitable consequence of the trend of events since February 1956. The purge was also the outcome of the struggle for power in the Kremlin. The fate of Molotov, Malenkov and Kaganovich was decided much earlier than the 20th Party Congress: their political future was compromised already in 1953 when Beria was denounced and condemned. Odd as it may sound, had the process of de-Stalinization been started by a less obvious Stalinist than Khrushchev, their fate might have been sealed much sooner. But Khrushchev's position required caution and temporizing before he could deliver the decisive blow. A former Stalinist, conducting the de-Stalinization campaign in the face of growing opposition from other Stalinists, he had to break the latter in order to exonerate himself. Although the situation abounded in apparent inconsistencies, yet Khrushchev's policy — the manner in which he broke some of the standing rules of the Kremlin political game — was a consistent attempt to win power. He trampled the rule of collective leadership by which members of the Praesidium have abided since Stalin's death and which has protected him well against possible Stalinist-style attacks from other comrades. His strength also lies in his unorthodox use of purge — limited in scope and not fatal — although according to classic precedent, it should end in a blood bath. But his strength is also his weakness; he carries flexibility to the point of ambivalence: he is as much a Stalinist as Molotov and at the same time he has adopted much of the Malenkov's reformist program of industrial decentralization and some of his willingness to meet consumers' demands. It remains to be seen how he resolves Soviet Russia's present crucial problem — the choice of internal policy. There are indications that he may steer a middle course. In condemning Molotov and Malenkov, he acted with restraint: he referred to them as "black sheep", and not criminals. This may indicate that he is not yet powerful enough to use the dictatorial prerogative in the Stalinist sense. The other fact which may have weakened his July purge is his reliance on the army and not the secret police. Without full control of the latter, no full-scale purge is likely.

The analysis of Khrushchev's attitude to purges throws light on his emerging dictatorship. The purge cannot be regarded as a means to obtain power; the act of purging is a consolidation of victory already won. Stalin's great purge of 1929 was the product of his victory and not its instrument.

The recent purge helps to place Khrushchev in relation to Stalinist and Leninist theory and practice. The deportation

order to which Malenkov has succumbed is a traditional old-Bolshevik measure used in the twenties as a way to settle disputes within the Communist Party. In this sense, Khrushchev is a traditional Leninist. But he was no Leninist when he sought support from the Central Committee after he suffered a rebuff at the hand of the Party's Praesidium. In fact, by upsetting the decision of a higher Party body, he stood the doctrine of democratic centralism on its head. He is not a Stalinist in the sense that he does not use his predecessor as a fountain of authority, but he resembles Stalin in his references to Lenin and in his use of Stalinist methods. His foreign policy, his "peace" campaign in particular, has an oddly Stalinist flavour.

The recent purge abolishes the notion that the post-Stalinist regime has broken with the past. Why should the keen rivalry between top Communist leaders be ended suddenly, their struggle for power diminished instead of becoming more intricate, the political game less intense? Purges are an inherent part of the complex "Kremlin game", and this for various reasons. First, the new leader has to exonerate himself and start with a clean record and he can do this by putting all the blame on his less successful colleagues. Secondly, the system provides no room for unsuccessful politicians; the future of No. 1 is at stake and he can take no chances: he has to eliminate potential rivals. Thirdly, purges may appeal to the Russian's fatalism and to his love of gambling for the highest stakes; no purge will discourage those who are — or think they are — within the reach of the highest prize.

The most interesting question concerns, of course, the likely aftermath of the present purge. By doctrinal prescription, bloodletting is required for effective cleansing. Yet Khrushchev, fearing to stir up the Party's lesser bosses who saved him and whom he may want to please, must naturally hesitate before taking any radical step. His brutality has been blunted and his policy is shrouded in deception and obscurity. If a full purge comes, it will mean that Khrushchev has already reached the pinnacle of power. If it does not come, Khrushchev himself may have to pay the price for his deeds. And with the ground now cleared of other potential opponents, Marshal Zhukov emerges as the most likely contender.

Zhukov's attitude towards purges is unequivocal: he helped to depose Beria and he balanced the scale in Khrushchev's favor in the recent crisis, bringing about the dismissal of leading Stalinists. As a Soviet Army boss, he has old scores to settle with the Stalinists responsible for the great Red Army purges in the thirties. He has already moved to a position of strength such as he never enjoyed before: his seat in the Praesidium — unprecedented for an army man — is a formal sign of it. His most formidable asset is his leading position in the army, which has moved to the centre of the Soviet political scene. In any future scramble for power, his ability to muster the support of local army commanders, the large H.Q. officer body and the Moscow garrison may prove decisive. This, together with the decreased role of the Soviet central bureaucracy and the reduced power of the secret police, puts Zhukov to the fore in the absolute and the relative sense. Zhukov's influence will determine whether or not Khrushchev's July purge will follow its traditional course to the end.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

The Economic Consequences of June 10

H. E. English

► STILL SMARTING from their beating at the hands of the electorate, the analysts of social phenomena are returning to the fray, apparently undaunted by defeat. Perhaps that is because they no longer have reputations to lose. The speculation now centres on the effects of a Conservative government rather than on the causes of its victory. The prognosticator prefers his new task because he is now dealing with a few men, whose ideas are largely public and whose ordinary motivations are reasonably familiar rather than the enigmatic millions who comprise the electorate.

Of course, any estimate of the changes to be wrought by the new government must allow for the possibility that it will not last long enough to accomplish anything. The most commonly heard speculation at present is that there will be no early election. The Liberals may even want time for a leadership convention. In any event if an early election is brought on it will probably mean a greater number of seats for the Conservatives than at present, because, it is argued, if people really wanted a change they will now want to give the only government which can really put into effect new policies the majority it needs. The opposition much prefers to wait till the weak government does something on which an election can be fought before bringing it down.

The new Conservative ministry is apparently aware that it need not fear early defeat for it is making confident promises of drastic changes to come, a more dangerous practice after an election than before. Its success would appear to depend on the relative strength of two forces. The strongest factor in its favour is the availability of one of the world's strongest administrative machines, the Canadian civil service which has been built largely by the Liberals into a most effective research and administrative organization. In opposition the Conservatives were constantly at a great disadvantage because of the lack of anything like a brain-trust. They must now become thoroughly familiar with the information and advice which this civil service can provide and must wed its talents to their own objectives as thoroughly as did the Liberals. If on the other hand they fail to do this the Liberals, who even in opposition are familiar with the sources of information relevant to Canadian policy, will make mincemeat out of Conservative ministers in Parliament.

This favourable factor aside, to date the Conservative prospects are not bright. In the first place, the Conservative cabinet does not seem strong. There are in it sincere men, some of them with good records as lawyers in private practice but, on the available evidence, without much insight. For example, they have never understood the late government's anti-inflationary policy which has been based squarely on the widely held economic principle that it is necessary to hold taxes up especially when government defence spending makes it impossible to reduce expenditures and that restriction of bank credit is essential to dampen down the enthusiasm of investors.

The first pronouncements of the cabinet indicate an unwillingness to learn before lunging. Prime Minister Diefenbaker proposed in London a Commonwealth trade conference without probably having had time to find out from his advisers what could be gained by it. The Conservatives have

expressed a desire to reduce Canada's dependence on U.S. markets (two thirds of Canadian trade is with the U.S.) and have long called for more trade with the Commonwealth. Fifteen per cent is now cited as the magic percentage of trade, especially imports which should be shifted. Such a shift would be impossible without very considerable tariff increases on American goods. This would probably be followed by retaliatory increases by the U.S. effectively frustrating the effort to reduce Canada's trade deficit *vis à vis* the United States. For so long they have been blaming the Liberal government for this situation that they appear to have forgotten that other members of the Commonwealth can't buy from Canada because they can't produce and sell many things cheaply enough to compete with American products, even though they now enjoy a more favourable tariff than the Americans. Of course some increase in Commonwealth trade could be brought about by reduction of Canadian tariffs but Mr. Diefenbaker's party is traditionally protectionist, and in any event Canadian agreements with the U.S. under G.A.T.T. would make it extremely difficult to lower rates on British goods without also lowering those on American goods. Furthermore any reduction in tariffs would have for political reasons, to be accompanied by a reciprocal reduction by the opposite number, be it Commonwealth country or the United States. It is quite likely that reciprocal reductions could be more easily negotiated with the U.S. than with the U.K. or other Commonwealth countries. Britain, rather wisely from her point of view is leaning toward the European common market, and most other Commonwealth countries are unlikely to make significant concessions to Canada, which possesses a dual or potential advantage over them in manufactured goods, the only sector where tariff concessions could be important.

While the new Prime Minister has been making trade proposals in London, the new Finance Minister, Donald Fleming, has been telling reporters in Ottawa that "our election promises will be fulfilled" and has specified that old age pensions will be increased at least from \$46 to \$50 per month, a four dollar addition to add to the six dollars the Liberal Finance Minister tacked on in February. Also lower income taxes are promised, probably by means of an increase in personal exemptions, and a reduction or elimination of the automobile excise tax. Taken together these moves would not only eliminate the surplus which former finance minister Walter Harris had promised as an anti-inflationary move, but would almost certainly result in a deficit for the current fiscal year. Promised new expenditure and tax reductions have been estimated (*Ottawa Citizen*, July 3) to cost the government between half and three quarters of a billion dollars. The expected surplus in Mr. Harris's budget was about 150 million. Of course it is quite possible that a policy of this kind could be what the doctor ordered, if a recession in the U.S. were to materialize. But this would be pure luck. Mr. Fleming has indicated that his policy is intended to be a fulfilment of election promises and of his belief in balanced budgeting. Mr. Fleming's plans could produce a dandy inflation, especially if combined with any action to implement his opposition to current restrictions on credit imposed by the Bank of Canada.

To top it off, and all within one week of being sworn into office, the Conservative government let it be known, this time through an unnamed spokesman, that it expects to inaugurate a new policy with respect to private radio and TV stations. It proposes to take control of private radio out of the hands of the CBC, and to place control of both private and public radio in the hands of a regulatory board, "somewhat similar to the Board of Transport Commissioners."

One wonders if the Conservative Cabinet are familiar with expert opinion on the effectiveness of this body—that of A. W. Currie in the *Economics of Canadian Transportation*. They also propose to give more licenses to private stations. These policies may be sound, but they are at odds with the findings of the Fowler Commission commending the work of the CBC and warning against proliferation of private stations. It is especially surprising to find the Conservative government supporting this latter measure which would certainly greatly increase the influence of U.S. "culture" in Canada through the great increase in U.S. programmes and advertising which would result.

One other news story of recent weeks deserves mention. It states that a prominent Toronto public relations man "who did most of the down-to-earth thinking in stage-managing Mr. Diefenbaker's campaigns" will be a "major adviser" of the new government. He is reported to be "selling out his substantial interest" in a firm where he was in charge of public relations and is moving to Ottawa "as a permanent Diefenbaker lieutenant." Much has been said about the role of the huckster in recent U.S. and Canadian elections but to date public relations men have seldom served as major advisers in the continuing business of government, which would seem to require more emphasis on the production rather than the sale of public policies.

We must admit that all is speculation, even where confident pronouncement has been made as in the case of trade and finance policy. But this is certainly the ideal time for speculative discussion. One can hope that there will be much mind-searching and discussion in the councils of the new government before the Conservative policy is adopted. Above all, the Conservatives should not feel too closely bound by their election promises when they discover them to be impractical on further study.

The Departure of C. D. Howe

Norman Ward

► TO MESSRS ROBERTS and Howe and an additional few million compatriots I am indebted for a unique literary experience which makes it impossible to assess *The Life and Times of Clarence Decatur Howe* in any but the most subjective manner. I read the first half before June 10, when it seemed to be a book full of gloomy forebodings, written by a man caught between a profound admiration for some elements in his subject's character and an equally profound distaste for others; a book which primarily stirred the reader to ask one cheerless rhetorical question brightened only by an inadvertent pun: "How long, O Lord, how long?" A book capable of reducing a reader to such straits can be offset only by a cataclysm; and I read the rest of it after June 10, most of it while practically all my friends and acquaintances, however sordid their own political pasts, were grinning delightedly at each other and trying to become accustomed to what still sounds like a contradiction in terms, Prime Minister Diefenbaker.

Of the book itself, no lengthy description is needed. Mr. Roberts has been practising his craft successfully for far too long to turn out anything ill-considered, and his essay is a lucid and competent performance rather reminiscent of nineteenth century Canadian political biography, but more

critical and thoughtful: a chronicle of great events and major legislation, with a gloss upon Mr. Howe's rôle therein, and a final passage entitled "Reflections on the Use of Power" which, the rest of the book suggests, Mr. Howe may not understand. The book includes an admirable analysis of the six-day parliamentary session of 1939, in which many an M.P. under stress laid bare the essentials of his character (Mr. Howe revealed his by speaking just once, not on his own behalf but a colleague's, to explain why the government had not followed an established practice); and excellent accounts of those events of 1955 and 1956 which contributed to the event of 1957.

To speak ill of Mr. Howe now, when he has ended up not only a loser but a quitter, felled, as he characteristically put it, by a national disease, is to be anti-climactic and vaguely unparliamentary. Yet something must be said for him, as Mr. Roberts concludes, to adjust the parliamentary system "to the abilities of such men might well end by destroying the institutions themselves." Mr. Howe's technical abilities can hardly be over estimated, though he himself seems to have consistently underestimated the degree to which the application of his skills depended on the political support of somebody else, as in the case of Hon. C. G. Power and the Commonwealth air training plan. Men of Howe's abilities will be needed increasingly in the future, though it is highly debatable whether they will be needed either in Parliament or the cabinet; and powerful government, as J. A. Corry has reminded us, attracts, among others, men who like to exercise power — and of Mr. Howe's love of power there is no doubt.

But men can be very able and fond of power (as Macdonald and Laurier were) without being almost wholly ignorant of the principles of responsible government. Mr. Howe's genuine inability to comprehend how a parliamentary system works emerges from this book as something as phenomenal as his legendary capacity to get things done. Mr. Roberts, in a forgetful moment, has written of Mr. Howe that "throughout his political career he has done thorough research on every major subject for which he has been called upon to take responsibility." This is demonstrably untrue of Mr. Howe as a member of parliament and a cabinet minister, unless (and this is not entirely fanciful) he regarded both of these as subjects for which he had not been called upon to take responsibility. If Mr. Howe believes, as he said cheerfully after the election of 1940, that "you can't argue with success," what would be his comment on the obvious fact that in many aspects of his chosen career he can fairly be described as a failure?

Precisely what Mr. Howe did think of Parliament and his position in it is not wholly clear, but Mr. Roberts' book and Hansard suggest that it was something like this: 1. Material expansion is the only really important element in a nation's life and, by a historical accident, Parliament is one of the major agencies through which much of it has to be ordered. 2. A political party is a necessary part of the machinery toward which no minister need feel any responsibility, but with which he should merely insist on getting his own way. 3. The cabinet should assume all the authority it thinks it needs to do what it wants, and Parliament's primary job is to facilitate the carrying out of the cabinet's wishes; such things as contradictory statements made at different times, changes of mind, and the convenient forgetting of important details in debate, do not necessarily have to be explained or accounted for, for Parliament, *per se*, has no functions which require such finicky attention to trifles. 4. The electorate is permitted at intervals to ratify or change the membership of Parliament in a national plebiscite and, if it is dissatisfied with the cabinet, can thus fire it.

*LESLIE ROBERTS: *C. D., The Life and Times of Clarence Decatur Howe*; Clarke Irwin; \$5.00.

If the foregoing does any injustice to Mr. Howe's considered opinions on Parliament, then his public record is indeed a deceptive one. Nor can it be overlooked that some if not all of his colleagues appear to have encouraged him in his views, and even shared them. Whether, therefore, Mr. Howe and his cohorts have permanently damaged Parliament is a point that must be raised in any appraisal of his career, and Mr. Roberts' conclusion is indicated in his last word on the use of closure in 1956: "The cost of his victory in the degradation of the parliamentary system in Canada is yet to be reckoned."

Personally, I am not ready yet to assume that the cost of Mr. Howe alone will be high. Parliament is not so debilitated that one man, however ambitious, can destroy it. Further, so mellowing is the effect of June 10, it seems only common decency to record that a number of significant declines in the use of parliamentary powers (such as the eclipse of the Public Accounts committee) are of pre-Howe vintage; although he, conceivably, might never have been induced to enter Parliament had such trends not been so well established that he could rely on them. The plebiscitarian view of parliamentary democracy is also no creation of Mr. Howe's, for it has been firmly rooted in at least some of the provinces for decades, and was preached by Mr. King both before and after he acquired Mr. Howe.

Too, Mr. Howe provided, and helped others to provide, some of the most notable opportunities for Parliament to show its stuff that have been seen since Confederation. The Combines case of 1949 (on which Mr. Roberts is oddly silent), the Defence Production Act of 1955, and the pipeline debate of 1956, among other events, offered brilliant openings to the Opposition to remind the nation that there are two sides to the House of Commons. Mr. Howe himself, for all his dislike of time-wasting talk, was time and again during his career driven by parliamentary devices to explain and sometimes defend his actions, and once well into them, he appears to have enjoyed most parliamentary rows as well as anybody. To Mr. Howe, (and the admission comes hardly) we are in fact obliged for much of the liveliness Parliament has shown in recent years, a liveliness of which the Conservatives, if they are honest, must now take full advantage.

So let us dismiss Mr. Howe from our service with a kindly word in lieu of the gold watch which his background might have led him to expect. He is a man of unimpeachable personal integrity, and clearly a great engineer, very possibly one of the best in the world. We should all hope he has not worked so hard and built so vastly during the past two decades without discovering that there are some things that even engineers cannot do, but mere politicians can.

Letter From Paris

Laure Riès

► ONE OF THE MOST interesting and busiest persons in Paris is the Duchesse Edmée de la Rochefoucauld, poet, lecturer, president of numerous learned societies and *femme du monde*. Every other Wednesday she receives in the large drawing-rooms of her *hotel particulier*, which reminds one of the famous eighteenth century house of Mme. du Deffand. One goes there to talk to diplomats, members of the government, authors and poets. André Maurois is an *habitué*, and so are Georges Cattaui now preparing an iconography of Marcel Proust, Fred Bérence who has just finished a book on the Italian Renaissance, Christian Murciaux from the Quay d'Orsay and many others. The women for a large part belong to the group who chooses each year one of the most coveted literary prizes—*Le Fémina*. Writers themselves,

elegant, sometimes extravagant, they add a note of colour to the dark suits of the men. Contacts are established, books are exchanged, lectures are arranged. It is the cross-road of the mind and the arts. It is not necessary to go to her house to see the Duchesse, she presides over so many societies, one sees her everywhere. As president of "Les Amis des Lettres", a society more than twenty years old, she held the other day a "porto de presse" in honour of André Marcou who received the literary prize offered for the first time by that society. Marcou is essentially a poet although he started his career as a professor. M. Bordeneuve, minister of Arts and Letters who survived from the former government, made the speech of congratulations. Authors, critics, journalists, had been invited especially for the occasion.

In the Hotel Lutetia the publishing house of Grasset gave a cocktail party in honour of Hervé Bazin, as the winner of the "Prix Monaco." The author, congratulated, photographed, young, dark, strong, wearing dark horn rimmed spectacles, autographed his book for me, happy to know it would be taken to Canada. The publisher Grasset, who died recently, was the first to publish the works of Proust and of many young *avant-garde* authors. His nephew continues the tradition to-day. There I talked to Jean-Louis Vaudoyer, who the month before had received André Chamson to the fellowship of the Immortals of the French Academy. Daniel Halévy, also an Academician, was a striking figure at that gathering because of the display of his magnificent beard. Another publisher, Gallimard, held his annual cocktail party in his formal gardens. Every author published by this very aristocratic house, from Fernand Gregh, over 80 years of age, to Robert Mallet, still very young, was there, as well as such celebrities, as J. L. Barrault and Madeleine Renaud. Sunday, outside Paris, in a large mansion engulfed in a vast garden, the festivities continued. Jean Paulhan invited me there to meet Barbara Church, an American benefactor of two literary reviews. The party started with cocktails, continued with a sumptuous buffet and ended with fire-works.

Thanks to the kindness of Robert Joffet I was invited formally to the Bagatelle, one of the most famous gardens in the Bois de Boulogne. M. Joffet is the curator of all parks and gardens for the city of Paris and a busy man during the Queen's visit in Paris since he had started the supervision of all floral arrangements. In the Bagatelle is held the international rose competition. Together with a painter, and the wife of Ricci, a well known perfume and dress-maker, I was asked to judge the roses. Our reward was a delicious luncheon at the Eiffel tower restaurant, amidst bouquets of roses. The rose-growers are very interested in what is done by their Canadian counterparts. I have been asked to write articles about rose-growing in Canada; a bit of information would be a great help. In a quiet village not far from Paris in a house hidden from the road by old trees, one finds a peaceful small man with beautiful hands and large blue eyes. He is the great sculptor Iankelévici. His sculpture has depth, and strength; one feels an immediate comprehension. Whether it is a project in plaster, a finished product in marble or bronze, the work is alive. The faces are often sad and thoughtful. His children are lively and sweet, you feel like taking them into your arms. His drawings are done with a decisive stroke. He never erases anything. His method is called *le dessin tracé sans repentir*.

June was a romantic month since it celebrated the centenary of Alfred de Musset. It was also the centenary of Baudelaire; at the French Author's Association, one could hear, recited by actors of the Comédie Française some of

his immortal verses. The Lehman collection from America draws every day hundreds of people. Besides some of the best known Goya and El Greco one could admire unique pieces of enamel set with precious stones. Czechoslovakia has sent its most representative paintings. They have a primitive emphasis with Byzantine flavour. Art connoisseurs have exhibited what they consider the first hundred masterpieces of French art. At the Galerie Charpentier there is an auction sale of manuscripts and autographs. Bibliophiles and editors come to see for how much those precious things will be sold. A Greek boat owner bought a Gauguin for 450 million francs. The National Library acquired for 11 millions the manuscript by *Les Illuminations* by Rimbaud. The première at the Opéra of *Le Dialogue des Carmélites* by Poulenc recreated in perfect taste the atmosphere of the Carmel. The play *L'Oeuf* is a satire played almost entirely by one actor, the other participate momentarily. It was a remarkable *tour de force*. To-day I lunched with Marcelle Maurette, author of *Anastasia*, beautiful, clever and gay. She is the granddaughter of Ingres.

Indeed June was quite a month.

Womanpower

Marion V. Royce

► "TODAY, ONE THIRD of all women in the United States aged fourteen years of age and over are in the labour force in any given month and well over two-fifths—some 28 million—work in the course of a year. Three out of every ten married women are now working and two out of every five mothers whose children are of school age are in the labour force." In the past ten years women have accounted for most of the growth of working population in the United States. Since 1950 women in their middle and later years have contributed to the expansion of the labour force.

Such striking developments in the employment of women have established the fact that "women constitute not only an essential but also a distinctive part" of the manpower resources of the nation. That their work is essential to the economy is evident from the volume of goods and services which they help to make possible. Their distinctiveness within the labour force comes from the fact that "the structure and substance of the lives of most women are fundamentally determined by their functions as wives, mothers and homemakers," with a resulting pattern of employment that is different from that of most men.

The implications of these facts have been the subject of a two-year study by the National Manpower Council*, which was established at Columbia University in the spring of 1951 under a Ford Foundation grant "to study significant manpower problems and to contribute to the improved development and utilization of the country's human resources." "Womanpower," the sixth publication of the Council, which appeared earlier this year, presents the conclusions of this study. Sixteen conferences involving employers, unions, government, women's organizations and other strategically selected persons and groups were held in various regions of the United States. In addition there was extensive research under university and government auspices with the collaboration of the Council staff. The resulting findings are in two sections: a statement by the Council including its policy recommendations relating to women's work and a series of chapters written by the Council staff.

WOMANPOWER: National Manpower Council; Oxford (Columbia University Press); pp. 371; \$6.00.

These latter deal with the social and economic issues raised in the course of the study. A well selected bibliography adds greatly to the value of the volume, which is definitive among studies of the role of women in employment in the United States.

The book is of much more than passing interest and significance for Canadians. Women are women wherever they are and traditionally their role in the Canadian social scene is very like that in the United States, while statistical trends though less marked, show the same tendencies. At present one-fourth of women in Canada 14 years of age and over are in the labour force in contrast to the two-fifths in the United States, while the percentage increase of our women's labour force between 1950 and 1956 has been more than twice as great as that for men (18.24% as compared to 8.83%). In this country also there is striking increase in the number of married women who are working, and the growing proportion of women of mature years who are returning to gainful work indicates similar change in the pattern of women's relationship to the labour force. At the present time more than one-fifth of employed women in Canada are between the ages of 45 and 64.

Similar, too, are the trends in the occupational distribution of Canadian women. The lure of the typewriter together with a striking increase in record-keeping and office work in general have brought the proportion of women in clerical work from 5% in 1901 to 27% in 1951, while the percentage in personal service had fallen from 42% in 1901 to 22% in 1951. As in the United States, so in Canada, teaching and nursing account for by far the largest part of the professional employment of women, and the traditionally male professions have been equally resistant to women. In both countries women are highly concentrated industrially as well as occupationally. Similar proportions are engaged in manufacturing but service industries in Canada claim a higher percentage of women workers than in the United States, where the proportion in trade and finance is higher.

Over against the lag of tradition in both countries, however, dynamic factors, economic, social and technological, are at work. Expanding economies bring continuing demands for labour; social attitudes are in a state of flux and technology has reduced the physical demands of many kinds of work, including housekeeping. The correlation between significant increases in the number and proportion of women in paid work and characteristics of the economy in general are graphically illustrated in the chapter which describes the impact of World War II. The depressed thirties had seriously limited job opportunities for women and with the entry of the United States into the war "there was little initial interest in plans for recruiting, training and utilization of large numbers of women." In order to expand industrial work forces sufficiently however, it soon became necessary to draw upon available resources of women, and in many cases their war-time jobs bore little relation to their pre-war employment.

The pull of tradition remained, however. The authors point out that despite widespread satisfaction with women's job performance, "management never gave up its conviction that it was easier for a man than for a woman to supervise women and that women themselves preferred to take orders from a man." Organized labour had its reservations also about the large scale employment of women. The unions feared the loss of seniority protection and the cutting of wage standards. However, as the war progressed and it became clear that women were doing a good job, many union leaders came to the conclusion that "the best way to protect standards was to insist that employers not differentiate between women and men!"

Post war expectations revealed distinct divergence, even conflict, between the attitudes of men and the intentions of women with respect to employment. Men, both employers and employees, held to the idea that women's place is in the home and that they should and would remain in the labour force "for the duration only." Meanwhile surveys of some 13,000 women in production centres showed that 3 out of 4 women in the labour force intended to remain—87% of single, 94% of widowed and divorced and 57% of married women. Large proportions of single, widowed and divorced women had worked previously; it was the increased proportion of married women intending to work that altered the picture.

The enlistment of women in the Armed Services strengthened the break with tradition, and since the war The Women's Services Integration Act of 1948 has made enlisted women regular members of the permanent military establishment of the United States. They are employed interchangeably with men of similar qualifications and abilities and assigned to occupations in which promotion is likely to be open to them. This abandonment of rigid patterning of *men's jobs and women's jobs* and the availability of opportunities for training and promotion may well have no mean impact upon civilian patterns of employment.

The implications of these pervasive changes in women's work are for the most part yet to be faced. A lingering uncertainty as to the place of the occupational component of women's role creates tensions both within the individual women and in society as a whole. Part of this conflict is inevitable because of woman's biological function and her historic role in the family, but part of it is artificial.

The Manpower Council having surveyed the scene has recommended further research into the effects of the increased employment of women outside the home. They urge that it be evaluated in relation to family life, the rearing of children and the self-development of women; that consideration be given to its impact upon the processes of occupational choice among both younger and older women, upon living standards and the prosperity of the economy and upon the availability of voluntary workers for community service. In addition they advise the initiation of studies of the maximum uses of womanpower in a national emergency and evaluation of existing laws that have a bearing on women's work.

On both sides of the border we have reason to be grateful for the comprehensiveness and sanity of their approach to the study of womanpower.

Autograph Hunters

Little sisters
—waiting in the rain,
close and unanimous
as young peas,
expecting now
who knows what miracles,
perhaps even
that he will brush against you,
one by one as he passes,
tossing the tender wildness of his hair,
throwing you a memory
of his kiss-white teeth,

—squealing like hungry little mares
when the doors open,
touching the hem of his garment,
seeking the relic
that can be held like a prayer through the long nights
when the literal wolves sing loud of loneliness.

Alden A. Nowle.

Awake

Early born and small she knew herself separate
When in the night I spoke into her cry
But hadn't yet lifted her, and she waited and listened,

Outside of sleep and suspended from my speech,
Not quite conceiving she would be gathered in—
A moment of woe of knowing the other and herself.

Woe. And the small hand that is scarcely a baby's
Before the face. . . Because she might have been
In the womb still she is remote and sad.

Dorothy Roberts.

Indictment

The bald man scowled at a hundred watt bulb
And addressed himself to the seduction of his hostess,
Aided by the preoccupation of her husband
With the question of whether final opinion is possible
The grey man said, "I'm God, and that's final!"
Possibly feeling the effects of his last bottle of beer.
I sat on the studio fascinated by the respiratory process
Of the lady opposite, imagining us trapped in an elevator
In the United Nations building on Palm Sunday.
At two o'clock good was declared positive and evil negative,
A sort of alternating current in men, courtesy of God
And a man who operated the driving school on Kingsway.
At three the bald man went to the kitchen for sandwiches
And drinks with the hostess. They were gone a long time.
At four I smoked a cigarette on the porch with a lady,
The facilities of the U.N. being unavailable on Saturdays.
At five the host said, "This was a damned good talk.
I really think we got somewhere tonight."
The bald man agreed, but I abstained from voting.
An hour later I sat in the car at Spanish Banks
Watching the streaks of dawn and the tide coming,
Smoking another cigarette and coughing a little.

Alfred W. Purdy.

Lovers

They, lying entangled in their strip of purchased darkness,
Formulating new rules and breaking them immediately,
Sticking out their tongues at the Moses face of ancestors
And the engraved injunction hanging above the mantel,
Exploring with their hands the infinity of bodies
Which are stringed instruments, echoing, echoing . . .
Asleep among the pointed queries and sharp precepts
Projecting like knives from the uncomfortable past,
Extending like feathers into a blurred future;
Perhaps dreaming of toys they used to play with,
And wondering what to do next. They are very tired.
They do not hear the pelting rain that stops in an hour,
The stammering bird or the murderer outside their window,
Being ended like the coming together of stars.

Alfred W. Purdy.

On a Rodin Study

Rodin knew it so well —
There Galatea steps clear,
Free on the verge of flight;
There Pygmalion's shaggy knees
Still stumble in bronze.

K. K. Lendon.

The Office Building

I

Five o'clock or five to five
people pouring down the stairs
a liquid human wave,
comptometers and desks are abandoned
churchpews after Mass,
peppermint envelopes half stuck
dropped on the floor; filing drawers
bulge with the twelve hundred numbered forms
of the company, the work is days behind.
It takes five seconds to buy the first edition
(fighting around the one-man paper stand)
eight seconds to line up for the bus,
the office building like a darkened rock
releases the bird impatience,
this renaissance in escape
only to fall droop-shouldered in the crowd
drifting downtown to a movie or
to a drifting suburb, back home.

II

They sit in front of the racks
filing tickets from eight-fifteen to five.
Grade III clerks are girls
with a year or two of high school education
and a hundred and twenty-five a month—
they sometimes fall asleep
so that their hands hang like ripe fruit
from the racks.

Then head and breasts
leaning in a futile slope,
the tickets spill
endlessly like white mice escaping
from their laps.

III

All taken up with the thought of himself
in blue dressing gown waiting for the girl
Yvette would send over,
will she be a redhead or a blond just
come back from vacation
all eager;
worked up over the thought

of silksoft

incautious movements in the penetrating night,
a retroactive imagination of pleasures
sitting at his desk with the plateglass eyes
of a fish when
he should be preparing
the monthly production report.

IV

The supervisor kicks like a whale
stranded in shallow water;
he reads the official manual of the company
on human relations problems
and then walks round all day
looking for problems he can solve.
He draws graphs, production maps,
computes averages and then
suddenly remains suspended
like a yawning clerk.
The strain of a quietly bored home life
works on him
as sometimes he doesn't even attempt to repress
the sly movement

of his liquid eyes at the forgetful
little wiggles of the girls,
then for a moment he seems almost weak.

V

There is a fat woman sitting on the balcony
two floors above me in the other house;
Someone shouts up to her,
"Lady, pull down your skirt, I have a full view"

Our Sunday afternoons stagger
like bald, drunk men
in a national forest of workdays,
Nothing anywhere to do,
(perhaps we think we can't afford church
meetings or this end of the week charity)
we wait with exaggerated lust
for the darker hours
talking in bored foreign accents
about football with neighbors
across the lane.

At supper nobody wants to eat,
the stomach and the small intestines are usually
shot to hell by the thick beer,
so we go and watch from bed
a vapid T.V. show.

VI

The ties of time are stronger than
the ties of love;
community in hate
the brute fact of togetherness
connects men like the loose leaf binder
the narrow, marginal sheets,
staples the office clerk against the office
building's wall with the imperceptible steel
of years, until the question
"What would you do without this job?"
becomes meaningless, evoking answers
with vague references to
working associates or
the pension plan, full phrases
borrowed from the company's
bus and radio ads.

VII

Running a city like this
costs us fifty-five thousand dead
a year, like a regular war.
The destination of young executives—
car provided, two stenographers,
and then the cemetery at Lakeview
Memorial Park.
The clerks live and occasionally take
two weeks' leave of absence
to bear a child, and then return
to the supervisor's stale joke.

How soon can the baby come to work?

Perhaps it won't come at all,
and the children of Grade III clerks, produced
to man comptometers,
dictaphones, addressographs and IBM
Business Machines, will smile and
leave behind the office building
like the inhabitants of Marschwitz
left the darkened stone.

John Lachs.

Old Giulio Returns

John Weyland

► I AM YOUR GREAT-NEPHEW, the son of your sister's daughter, and will not rid myself of you as I would of any old man, any man too old to work, to be useful at anything, and entitled at the most to only a meal, one meal of leftovers eaten in the back yard—entitled because of the charity the Church enjoins and the pity I have for him—and then to say his thanks and leave, to walk off down the road, disappearing, to be forgotten like any other unpleasantness.

I will have you over for meals, and my wife will serve you first and heaping generously, more generously than any of us, and place you at the head of the table as if, instead of yourself, you were an honored and loved old man, as if you were my own grandfather, my father's father, who died while you were away in the North, who deserved respect and favor of me, who smilingly spoiled me as a child, who made me the no-interest loan that started me in my little business when I came of the age to marry—while you were gone and never seen by me and wrote no letters and were a presence as word and memory among us younger ones only when the old people talked and we overheard and it was of how things had been and what they'd done long, long before, back when you were of them.

I will not throw it up to you that the tasty, stout food on the plate my wife sets before you will be a hand-out, creditable to me for the mercy I show in donating it, discreditable to you for your failure to provide for yourself, for your humiliation in accepting what's not your due, too-remote-and-too-neglectful-relative.

I will not speak before you of the sweets the big-eyed children might have had with the money that has gone for your portion, or of the extra cigars I could have relaxingly smoked during the long day behind the counter, or of the new cotton dress for the summer the wife will have to do without because a little extra expense 2, 3 times a week makes the price of the cheap things you look forward to when you have to skimp along as we do.

I will try not to be short-tempered when you're with us and let it out through sarcastic questions on your big career in the North, where we had thought you were so comfortably and permanently settled, or in being impatient with the old man's stories you're going to tell us again and again until we can prompt you when you forget where you are in them and who did what stand-out or funny thing or in what year it was the beet crop failed or the storm washed out the bridge.

I will try not to look with disgust upon you when you are hunched close to the plate with manners that have been too long without a woman's tidying and you slobber food from your unfirm old lips or it slips off the quavering fork in your blue-veined bony hand to stick greasily on your chin where constrained-by-deference-to-age-and-politeness-I must pretend not to notice, or it lies on your spotted clothes until you make the discovery and with innocent and unconcerned openness pick it off and place it in your mouth, and with what surprise if you should detect in our imperfectly controlled faces the queasy disapproval you have not known in your too many years living with dirty-handed-food-gobbling road construction crews.

I will try not to hurry you off after that coffee that you will smilingly and thankfully take more cups of, that my wife, compassionate for your child-similar dependence on us, for the loneliness that awaits you at your room, will offer

you, despite her exasperation with your continued intrusion on the short privacy and respite of our evenings, despite her resolutions not to, grumbled out before your arrival, grumbled out ever since your last too much prolonged visit—resolutions to hint you out when you should go instead of letting you keep us up and making us miss our familial coziness and the getting done of the bits of put-off work we'd hoped to as we sat around the table together and spoke of the happenings of our day and of the village and things in the paper and the children played and did their homework and kissed me before going to bed and away from the light of the single big-shaded lamp standing on our wedding-present table.

I will do these things for you, or try to, putting good-heartedness and kinship-though-attenuated-still-felt before the irritations and tediousnesses you will be to me until your already so long delayed death, that I shall not let myself hope for, though its coming will release you from your uselessness and unwantedness and me from having to suffer them—your death that I could not deny the timeliness of were it to happen this night itself, this very night, overtaking you in your solitary light sleep, your death that I would grieve over and receive the condolences of my customers for, but your death that, since overdue, a long deferred inevitability, I would grieve over with moderation and resignation and philosophical sayings, to be agreed with by my customers and thought well of for the doing of.

That much will I, your obliged grandnephew, put myself out for you, but I will not, I cannot, give you the-credential-of-respectability-and-dignity-job you have been pestering me for since your return, since our first meeting, before I had gotten over my surprise and unforeseeing pleasure. You'd come in and I'd said what will you have and you'd grinned-at-me-shamefacedly-in-anticipation and spoke your name and said no, you weren't dead and no, things hadn't gone as well as they might have up North, and well, you'd decided to come back to the place where you'd grown up and have a look around—said that to pretend it might be so, you might really be back for only a visit, a short visit, perhaps deceiving yourself as a child might in the childishness of your years, willing the wish to be the truth, doing that because aware-but-not-admitting your unwelcome and the mortal permanency of it, that couldn't be, as you so airily would have had it, cut short whenever it should be, as if you were a young cousin full of thick-armed and good-health strength and practising a big-wages trade who was having a look around the country before going back to his own missing-him folks and the girl he will marry and raise children with.

I cannot, to your offhandedly insistent petitioning, use you around the store, thereby admitting you to the status of the able-bodied and self reliant. I cannot put you to delivering the daily orders, supplanting with your demeaned dignity up-to-my-shoulder hairless-lip girl-disliking Alberto, who runs to Mrs. Follas at the first orchard with boy exuberance as you would slowly-in-the-same-time to Mrs. Ullio's just around the corner and with shortened breath and fatigue trembling arms when you put down the package-and-vegetable-and-fruit-filled box, that he would balance and toss about in tireless play.

I cannot have my neighbors, also my customers, horrified at my infirmity-and-white-hair-disrespectfulness, as they would, quick gathering to gossip, before you'd struggled through first errand and brought them out to low-voicedly condemn me—the them being mostly women, the compassionate women, who do the shopping, who pay the lire to my mille grazie and smile of gratitude, but who can go elsewhere, who can with-indignant-non-greeting walk past

my futilely displayed merchandise to the store of my competitor, who doesn't overwork the aged, who would say they should be looked after by their family, should be able to take their ease, shaded or sunned according to the season in well-fed waited-on idleness.

Nor can I, to your falsely-confident urging, use you in my windowless storeroom, the storeroom customers do not see into the dimness and rough fat sacks and cartoned stacks of, where you could uncrate and shift and rearrange and rat-kill you say with fast-worded voice-rising eagerness, making hesitant and uncomfortable my refusal—a refusal cruel but sensible. Your stringy, meatless muscles could not bear those weights, nor your thin walled arteries the strained blood-pumping of your overexerted heart. I would enter some morning, some afternoon, and find your slack cooling body distorted on the floor, and Dr. Gassi would not have completed the examination for the death certificate before with darting-tongued rapidity the report of my fatal inhumanity would be carried through the village and beyond.

I am in late-thirtied sure-bodied prime, and cannot know the desperation of uselessness except in the quick-passing dread of it for my own many-birthdayed-off incredible oldness, but through that I guess at and shirk its unmaning, and for that I would employ you, to make this my possible future less dreadful. But I cannot, cannot. I have no job for you, no, nor can devise nothing that would for-restoration-of-your-expiring-pride look like one, would look enough like one but would be without the sweatings and heavings and tirednesses and indignities that I cannot apportion you—cannot whether I would or not, persuaded to prefer for you risked respectable death to begrudged charity and interminable idleness, to prefer for you meniality and snickers on a boy-job to nothingness and superfluity in a village no longer yours except in surviving now-bulb-lighted-and-fauceted buildings and now-paved-and-scooter streets and whose generation with in-youth-addressed-names has only a hereditary resemblance to those who if as long-lived as you would be your cafe-sitting domino-playing wine-drinking reminiscencing cronies.

I have to deny you, old man. I have to offer you only your few meals at my host's table and to pretend with you whose pride has outlived its sustenance that the too little government pension will keep you in your rented scaling-plaster attic-furniture room, will make the cold and bare provision for you that I cannot, I, more virile than property, father of five sleeping boy-girl together in the only other bedroom, except the youngest, of four months and uncomprehending, who's in ours, my hard-economising hard-drudging wife's and mine.

Don't be bitter against me, old man, for the welcome of disappointments I'm getting over to you with my too-genial evasions and falsely-promising postponements and uneasy shiftings when you press me too much and I grope and struggle against the face-dropping truths that you have already guessed at but hope against and that I will spare you and myself the agonizing statement of.

Accept my dutiful-but-unrelished-hospitality, and your misery pension, and your loneliness among the people, and your unlooked-forward-to-days and wakeful void nights—accept them, at least, before me, since I'd like to be easy toward you and believe you're bearing up, believe you're not suffering too much, and since what else can you do but make yourself agreeable to those you've got to impose yourself on, to somehow get through to the end like that?

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Correspondence

The Editor: The note of superior condescension to the realistic social criticism of our recent past shown by some of your reviewers at times becomes so disturbing in the area of the peptic colon that as a contributor to the *Canadian Forum* I should like to put in at least one vociferous protest.

Your reviewer Millar MacLure, for example, in discussing Dorothy Livesay—one of whose remarkable virtues was the vigour and masculinity of her social poems of yore—remarks that "Many of us can look back in anger to the time when we thought we knew our enemies." Bigod, sir, many of us keep our anger for better uses. The lukewarm, never-convinced, never-indignant Canadian was always the one for us to know at sight, no matter how the lines were drawn.

To take another example, your reviewer "A.B." closes a supercilious review of a John Steinbeck book with this piece of triviality: "Me, I can hardly wait for the next depression when a man'll be able to raise a real hungerin' thirst for them grapes o' wrath."

As if the problems of elementary poverty and nourishment were not the present cause of war, revolution, and suffering throughout Asia, Africa, half-Europe, and the south of this Hemisphere. And because our prosperous American and Canadian cities are spilling over into lifeless, mindless suburbs of conspicuous-consumption culture (crammed with TV's, space-ship autos, and shopping centres) shall we have fund at the expense of those still concerned with their old social problems?

Really, can we not move the center of gravity to a "higher social criticism," and stay serious?

Louis Dudek, Montreal, Quebec.

The Editor: It's easy, on the basis of inadequate background and information, to come to certain conclusions, as Robert Fulford has done, with regard to municipal politics. Seven months' reporting of City Council for a newspaper is insufficient to qualify him as an expert on municipal affairs without, at the same time, adequate study of the whole relationships and responsibilities of the various levels of government. He does not take into consideration the complexities of the situation nor the rather limited scope of municipal governments, creatures of the provincial governments in their respective provinces; not only are their powers strictly limited but the provincial government can exercise a veto on any of their legislation *without recourse to the courts*. In Ontario this is done through the Ontario Municipal Board, whose power over the municipalities is almost limitless.

One result of this is that when a municipality takes vigorous action in what it conceives to be in the best interests of its citizens—often with the support of its citizenry—it faces the problems of having its decisions thrown out by the Municipal Board, often through the appeals of private individuals. To illustrate: one of the problems that Toronto is faced with is the building of high rise or luxury apartments in strictly residential areas, thus destroying the amenities and privacy of homes within those areas. City Council, on pressure from the residents, has passed by-laws which would prohibit that sort of building in those areas. The apartments builders, concerned with their own profits, with the accessibility, the character, and amenities of the district in which they propose to build, and without regard for the welfare of the homeowners within the districts, have frequently challenged City Council's actions through the Municipal Board and secured a reversal.

To say that it takes a long time for City Council to make up its mind as to what it wants is to ignore that provincial and federal governments also take a long time to make up their minds. To criticise council members for changing their minds from council meeting to council meeting is to ignore the other side of the coin, the criticism that the average MP or MLA backbencher is nothing but a rubber stamp of his party. There is nothing inherently wrong in changing one's mind in the light of further information; moreover, the average alderman is subject to pressures which the average MP or MLA is not; he is much more the representative of his constituents than they are.

Because the functions of a city council are chiefly administrative rather than policy-making, many issues effect all levels of society alike and others cut right across party lines. To illustrate: on the question of amalgamation of the 13 municipalities of Toronto into one, those living outside of Toronto were almost unanimously against it whether they were Liberal, Conservative, or CCF. Party decisions on contentious issues would be of no benefit to municipal government if such decisions forced members of Council to go contrary to their best judgement, and would, in fact, tend to weaken the party, especially if those decisions are forced upon elected representatives by persons with little or no knowledge of the problems council members face.

The fact that both in Great Britain and in the United States municipal elections are contested largely along party lines is not a valid argument for doing the same thing here. Tradition in Ontario at least, is very much against party politics in municipal government, and any attempt to change that tradition results in disaster to the party which introduces it, as the CCF found out in 1943 to its sorrow. Besides, in Great Britain it is the Labor Party which contests municipal

elections as such; the Conservatives and Liberals often masquerade as independents. Nor is it correct to say, as Mr. Fulford does, that American cities have shown a better record on redevelopment, street planning, housing, and such because of party government. Many American cities are under a city manager form of government, which is outside party politics. In other cases, as in the Alleghany Conference, redevelopment was pushed through by groups outside party politics, sponsored and financed by the Mellon interests. Public housing is a matter of federal-municipal co-operation, with the initiative on the part of the Federal Government through housing authorities which act independently of the municipal government.

Whether a municipality progresses rapidly depends not so much on its form as upon pressure groups and leadership. In Toronto, Mayor Phillips cannot give adequate leadership because his bent is more toward the social than to the administrative, and the situation has worsened by the feuding between Controllers Brand and Mrs. Newman, and by other personality factors as well. Toronto's Metro government is in contrast: Fred Gardiner, its chairman, has up to recently given effective leadership and Metro has had a sense of direction.

There has been no general demand for party politics in municipal governments, and where it has been suggested by individuals within the Liberal or Conservative Parties it has been promptly repudiated, while within the CCF it has received only isolated and lukewarm support.

William Philip Rowley, Toronto.

Turning New Leaves

► IF, AS NORTHROP FRYE claims, the lyric poet writes less to be heard than to be overheard, for an audience of wire-tappers or cocktail party *habitués*, then he is likely to find his (unaddressed) readers a bore or a threat and his attitude towards them will vary from indifference to dislike or contempt. When a reader becomes articulate and turns into a critic (even a sympathetic one), the poet who lives to hear him may find it hard to remain indifferent to what has now become a positive menace. After all, no lyric poet expects his audience to talk back, and he may decide to make a few subtle and indirect rejoinders of his own. If the criticism he evokes is sufficiently elaborate and persistent, he may even find himself conducting a full-scale campaign, and the poems themselves may become disguised episodes in a continuing cold war to maintain his lyric status. The Victorian poets fought a few skirmishes in this cause, but it was left for T. S. Eliot to clarify their aims and improve their methods. The critic of Eliot is faced with the necessity of criticizing and watching his own exposed flank at the same time. Any book which tries to do more than just add to the collection for Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service has to keep distinguishing the poet's moves from his counter-moves. A sound principle is to suspect any remark that Eliot makes about his own poetry. His legitimate self-criticism is always ostensibly directed at someone else—at *Hamlet* or Donne or Matthew Arnold.

It is one of the major virtues of Grover Smith's detailed and sometimes brilliant study of the sources and meaning of T. S. Eliot's poems and plays* that he recognizes that he is involved in a two-way campaign with an antagonist who likes to play "possum." I only wish that he had recognized it more continuously. He refers to Eliot's claim that the title of *The Hollow Men* was invented by combining the titles of Morris's *The Hollow Land* and Kipling's *The*

*T. S. ELIOT'S POETRY AND PLAYS: A STUDY IN SOURCES AND MEANING: Grover Smith, Jr.; University of Toronto Press; pp. 338; \$6.00.

the boatman

by jay macpherson

'*The Boatman* presents a new and intensely personal voice in Canadian poetry which has an assurance, a breadth and depth which is as arresting as Miss Macpherson's splendid control of her lyric medium.'—ARNOLD EDINBOROUGH in *Saturday Night*.

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Broken Men and adds: "That sounds so ingenious and improbable that the explanation might be a joke." He is similarly sceptical about Eliot's absurd biographical comment on Sweeney. But he swallows the Notes to *The Waste Land* (particularly the treacherous Tiresias note) almost whole, without allowing for the fact that they belong less with the notes of Gray or Shelley than with the *Variorum Dunciad*. Anyone who has ever mislaid the source of a scholarly reference which was hardly worth making in the first place will recognize the Antarctic expedition note, and, as for the primly delightful one from (of all places!) Chapman's *Birds of Eastern North America*, it is worthy of Lowes, the Scriblerus of Eliot's Harvard days. The note attributing "sylvan scene" to Milton obscures a far more important reference to Virgil's "sylvia scaena coruscis," which Mr. Smith overlooks, although, with his emphasis on the many-sided importance of Carthage to the poem, he could certainly have used it. Thirty years after *The Waste Land* Eliot is still at work, apologizing with a straight face for the "bogus scholarship" of the Notes and claiming that he included them (a) to forestall charges of plagiarism and (b) to fill up some blank pages and make a longer book.

But *The Waste Land* (1921) was before the critical deluge. The legendary "Mr. Eliot" had not yet seen his progeny of new critics and explicators—scrutineers, dixerats and PhD's; he had not yet tested his hard-won charity and humility on the campuses of the American Midwest. And, after all, notes are semi-detachable; in *The Waste Land* Eliot's campaign has not yet reached the poems themselves. By the time of *The Cocktail Party* (1949) his methods have increased in refinement and operate within the work as well as without. Here is a play primarily about the nature of corporate communion, which is impossible between individuals as such, but which they can achieve as members of a community whose body they absorb or are absorbed by. In plot it resembles the more religious descendants of Roman comedy, in particular *The Tempest* and *The Magic Flute* with their all-seeing manipulator and tricky servants, their initiations, purgations, secret societies and different "ways" to communion. Like Prospero, Eliot's Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly overreaches himself, although he shows merely a trace of the final humility of his great original. To keep the grubby (if friendly) "hypocrite lecteur" far hence and prevent him from usurping the play's inner sanctum, Eliot hangs gaudy trumpery at the cave's entrance. The theme of the play being what it is, one might expect a good deal of reference to eating and being eaten. But Eliot goes far beyond the needs of the theme and spatters the surface with images of food and drink. By means of these extra, expendable images he can bemuse the grub who inquires too closely and still not confuse the uninstructed audience. Any critic who spends his time wondering why a half-bottle of champagne turns out to be a full one, why the saffron monkey eaten by the natives of Kinkanja turns out to have the same name as a restaurant in New York, why Alex is an amateur cook who can do wonders with an egg, and why Julia knows how to care and not to care for potato chips, has fallen into the trap. Moreover, as Mr. Smith remarks of the play, "in many of its incidental details it burlesques Eliot's poetic symbols." For example, his earlier "eyes" imagery is burlesqued in Julia's spectacles and the bowdlerized ballad of One-eyed Riley. As for the grotesquely inappropriate reference to Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* in Act Three (Sir Henry introduces his claim to have seen Celia's death-image or *doppelgänger* by a quotation which insists that only Celia could have seen it), Eliot no doubt realized that anyone who read him with care would never bother to do the same for Shelley. There are no Notes to *The Cocktail*

Party, but their role is filled by Eliot's attempt to play his own new critic in the essay "Poetry and Drama," where he identifies the *Alcestis* of Euripides as his model. But Eliot's other critics need not have felt disgraced at missing what turns out to be a very meagre connection indeed. At the end of a page or two of desperate casuistry, Mr. Smith cannot help wondering if "in some measure Eliot's use of the Euripidean material itself may have been prankish."

But if in some areas Mr. Smith is only intermittently aware of the Possum's tactics, in others he is of necessity very much aware. Eliot's refusal to allow quotations from his juvenilia or withdrawn poems, his urge towards biographical suppression, create problems that Mr. Smith cannot solve but only circumvent (so far as the copyright laws and his own respect for privacy allow). The chapter on *Ash Wednesday* (Eliot's *Epipsychidion*, and a very intimate poem indeed) is to a great extent written between the lines. At the end, in exasperation, Mr. Smith makes the mild complaint that "*Ash Wednesday* is not innocent of what looks like wilful mystification."

Mr. Smith's occasional exasperation (and the odd red herring which he swallows) have not prevented him from producing an extremely substantial book. I am not thinking of peripheral details like the uncut pages of Eliot's copy of *From Ritual to Romance*, the early use of the name T. Stearns-Eliot, or the late purchase of Bradley's *Appearance and Reality*, which are only harmless gossip, nor even of the massive assembling of sources, likely, possible and impossible (many of them new and illuminating). Indeed, Mr. Smith's stock-piling of sources and analogues is to some extent vitiated by a kind of aesthetic innocence. The reader gets no sense of where Eliot's work stands among the many kinds of things that literature can do. Eliot's "tradition" seems to be merely a matter of floating phrases and notions. There is very little context of form or genre. After all, whatever its verbal antecedents, *The Waste Land* is a late product of a line which includes *Dejection: an Ode*, *Adonais* and *Saul*, to mention only the closest nineteenth-century English analogues. And *The Prelude* can shed as much light on the *Four Quartets* as Mr. Smith's much-invoked Aristotle. In this book, for all its emphasis on sources and analogues, Eliot's work seems insulated from other literary works in all but an incidental way. What is most substantial about Mr. Smith's book is his search for meaning and his dogged persistence in facing every problem he uncovers. Most of Eliot's explicators give complicated answers to the easy questions and avoid the difficult ones. Mr. Smith shirks nothing that he is able to see. The result, with its mixture of virtuoso speculation and heavy literalism, will infuriate those gentle readers who want their criticism delivered with tactful grace, who see it as an amateur sport degraded by American professionalism. Others may find Mr. Smith's sporadic attempts at judicial criticism a bit thin, as I do. But any reader of Eliot should benefit from the pages on *Gerontion* and the quatrain poems, on *Ash Wednesday*, and on the plays, particularly *The Family Reunion* and *The Confidential Clerk*. Mr. Smith disposes handily of a number of clichés about Eliot, but he is not afraid to press the obvious to a new conclusion. He refuses to blur difficult distinctions (as in the chapter on *Ash Wednesday*) or beg questions with urbanity. Uninvolved in any critical cult, he shows the advantages as well as the disadvantages of the common reader writ large. Only on the *Four Quartets* does the commentary seem markedly inadequate, despite a promising beginning on *Burnt Norton*. As explication, this is an honest, industrious, illuminating book. Eliot's more sophisticated critics would be wise not to underrate it.

MILTON WILSON

Books Reviewed

A STRANGER IN OUR TOWN: Jean Arsenault; Privately printed, 664 Duquesne St., Montreal, Que.; pp. 26; \$1.00.

CATCH FIRE: Cal Caldwell, Arthur H. Stockwell Ltd., Ilfracombe, Devon, Eng.; pp. 38; \$1.00.

IN LOVE AND ANGER: Milton Acorn; Privately printed, Montreal; pp. 20; \$1.00.

These are three thin books by poets at the start. All three (Canadian) have a long way to go; they write some doggerel and some nonsense; but all three have a capacity for poetry, a promise, a genuineness in spots that redeems them. An indifferent or unsympathetic reader might miss these virtues, and so most readers do; but if we are interested in poetry as something that a people learn to understand and produce, this is the sort of beginning we should study and evaluate with care and affection.

The failings of Jean Arsenault and Cal Caldwell lie in the direction of the sentimental; Milton Acorn (I have been assured that he really exists, in full possession of his apt name) is threatened with the opposite vice of anarchy. If the first two can salvage their energy from the anaemic culture they are beginning to imbibe—i.e., from so-called poetic tradition and sentimentality—they will write honest poetry. And if the latter can discover a personal frame for his anger and revolt, he too will make his mark. It's all worth trying.

All three poets are so far free from the formalism and hyper-intellectualism which afflicts most young poets in America. They seem to have a smell of sweat and reality in their environment, and this produces the best fragments among their uneven books. For example, it was an experience to come across the following, in Arsenault:

"ah smell
cans of garbage
bent dented chipped scraped
& stinking
food of food
skin & peel
&
pickers
of buffet dinners
eating
with
hunger in their hands."

Also, this invigorating passage in praise of physical work, in Acorn's book:

"I must go back to those good springs;
the cleansing springs that flow from toil;
to heal my hands in soil,
know peace, which labor brings.
"How gladly sinew sings
in striking!
How blood boils
when body's hardened to the flex and coil
and glad release of muscle-springs!
"I'll give thanks again for clever hands,
now things of power again, that ply
with their own knowledge, understand
their task, can test and try."

Even Caldwell, who has studied in England and has more of the odour of "English literature courses" about him, comes to the real world with a youthful awareness:

"Hurried people rushing by,
Their faces filled with care and haste,
Past neon signs and traffic lights
and crowded diners glass-encased.

"Loaded streetcars homeward-bound,
Angry arms in parcelled wars;
Weary drivers cursing traffic,
Glad to reach suburban doors . . ."

All these are virtues with signs of promise. But one poem in this trio of books took me by surprise and raised sympathy to the Amor of poetry. This is a fine poem entitled "Passion," in the Cal Caldwell book, opening with the lines:

"Now, alone before the burning fire,
They lie in idle warmth before the blaze . . ."

The poem goes on to describe the physical joy of love with great freedom and with ease of style.

"His quivering breath is close, he touches her;
She draws his burning head to meet her own.
The vibrant pressure bends them closer still,
Their mounting blood to smoky passion grown."

And after a very difficult series of verses successfully accomplished, closes with admirable simplicity:

"Slowly they turn to face the flickering fire,
He draws her gently to his arm's embrace.
Her head against his quiet shoulder rests,
Content, they gaze into the fireplace."

This poem deserves a signal praise. But I think all three poets have talent of a genuine kind; they are working with the materials of poetry, they are young, and they are apt to learn. I personally will look for them when they appear next.

Louis Dudek.

THE PORTABLE POE: edited by Philip Van Doren Stern; Macmillan; pp. xxxviii, 664; \$1.69.

It is appropriate, I think, that Edgar Poe should now appear in the paperback edition of a distinguished series of anthologies. *The Portable Poe* is at once comprehensive enough to do justice to an extraordinary talent, well enough edited to satisfy the demands of scholarly readers, and inexpensive enough to reach the wide audience that Poe coveted but never gained during his lifetime. In addition, Poe's theatrical sense would be gratified, I am sure, by the inclusion of a revealing group of his letters. For the reader who sees Poe as a fine entertainer and a spectacular personality, this anthology will be richly satisfying.

There are two points, however, which will disappoint readers who wish to see Poe's art as a complete, albeit bizarre, *oeuvre*. First, the editor omits "Eureka"—that phantasmagorical work in which Poe attempted to express his ultimate understanding of the human situation. Admittedly "Eureka" is not a work which either philosophers or entertainment-seekers will enjoy; it is, nevertheless, Poe's final effort at summing up his vision of man's fate; and as such it is an essential document in any approach to the artist's complete statement. It is, in fact, a key which helps us to unlock the enigmas of such poems as "Ulalume" or the oracular "City in the Sea."

Second—as a direct consequence, I feel, of Mr. Stern's failure to consider Poe's work as a *developing* whole—the "Introduction" to the anthology perpetuates the conventional view of Poe as a brilliant neurotic and fatally thwarted genius. In these terms, his writings merely denote the various crises of his suicidal career. Now nobody is likely to deny that Poe's life was a long nightmare of frustration, but to identify the artist with his hypersensitive heroes, and to explain *their* pattern of suffering as evidence of the artist's irresistible "death wish" is to say too much about the man and all too little about his art. Mr. Stern's ill-advised decision to press fiction into the service of biography has led him to unjustifiable speculation about Poe's life, and to a

reductive (Freudian) over-simplification of the spell which his fictional works exert on readers. Poe's art has not required, heretofore, the dubious support of a biographical coordinate. His best readers, I should think, will not allow Mr. Stern's amateur psychoanalysis to interfere seriously with their understanding of what Poe's fiction communicates. With the power and immediacy of his art exerting its spell, they will be unwilling indeed to explain his achievement in terms of biographical squalor.

Hugo McPherson.

PEGASUS AND OTHER POEMS: C. Day Lewis; Clarke, Irwin & Co., pp. 64; \$2.10.

Mr. Day Lewis is now 53. His collected poems appeared in 1954 and at that time the general appraisal of his career as poet emphasized the distinctions which set him apart from the Auden group. Identification with a group—usually a convenient pattern imposed on the poet by critics—too often blurs the underlying single-mindedness running like a signature through his work. This seems to me particularly so in the case of C. Day Lewis.

The basic problem Day Lewis, Auden, Spender, and later, MacNeice, had in common, from 1930 on, was how to make a fresh start in poetry. The diction of the Georgians had staled; to go on raking through the ruins of the 1914 war could lead nowhere; a purposeful attitude, broad enough to tackle both language and living in constructive terms without Eliot's religion or Yeats's myths, was desperately needed. The routes by which these poets emerged from their feeling of uprootedness to the firmer ground of belonging have been charted by many analysts. Their immediate direction, of course, was largely dictated by the turbulent political alignments of the decade, with compulsions on the individual, especially an artist, to take a stand. In public affairs poets have been traditionally liberal and humanitarian, so it was not surprising to find the Auden group anti-fascist, pro-Left, and influenced, if not dominated, (as who was not?) by the Marxist dynamics of that time.

Day Lewis was primarily intent upon concentrating his poetic impulse, during that period of uncertainty and indirection, to the whole of his personal experience—a phase he set forth in somewhat confused form in *Transitional Poem* (1929). Although he fell short of the lofty definitions stated in his notes, the book did arouse creative enthusiasm at precisely the moment when it was most needed and later prompted his essay *A Hope For Poetry*.

Day Lewis's urgent need of poetic purpose, of social identity, was reflected in the searching images of *From Feathers to Iron*, *Starting Point*, and *A Time to Dance*. He rejected conventional poeticisms and rigid intellectual concepts and based his development on actual experience and concrete examples of living in the contemporary world. He defined his position in *The Magnetic Mountain*—a gleaming symbol of the future. The old order must go, a new world must emerge, the poet must participate in its birth—if necessary, by total engagement. But by 1938, with *Overtures to Death*, the ideological dream is being dispersed. The dark foeman is already on the doorstep, and the poet who hailed the future now broods, in doubt, anger and despair, on the imminent destruction and terror.

Where has Day Lewis looked for creative stability in the post-World War II years? He has translated the Georgics and Aeneid of Virgil and written the contemplative narrative of *An Italian Visit*. The poems in *Pegasus* have presumably been written since 1954 and they seem to me to be the work of a poet whose search has gone inward.

Perhaps he is only groping about. At moments he reflects on where he took the wrong road, or whether it might "turn

into the right road again"; he re-examines four Greek myths with characteristic subtle cadence, but in the manner of exercises; nostalgia dominates some prosaically flat poems, dwelling on places and the father and son relationship; he hurls a hard-boiled challenge to intellectuals in the atomic age: nine sonnet-form poems embody cynical comments of Moods of Love; he pays his tribute to Dylan Thomas, "the ribald, inspired urchin":

Already he has outsung
Our elegies, who always
Drew from creation's fathomless
Grief a pure drop of praise.

On the whole, Mr. Day Lewis seems committed to the new policy of *non-engagement* quite as lackadaisically as any of the current Kingsley Amis-John Wain boys who are emerging from the Welfare State and looking back, at people like Auden and Co., in anger. In "Final Instructions" he says:

So luck is all I can wish you, or need wish you.
And every time you prepare to lay yourself
On the altar and offer again what you have to offer,
Remember, my son,
Those words—patience, joy, disinterestedness.

Vernal House.

THE IMPROVED BINOCULARS: Selected Poems by Irving Layton; Jonathan Williams; pp. 145; \$3.00.

This appears to be the second edition of a volume which has already been extensively reviewed. It bears on its cover a photograph of Mr. Layton looking suitably fierce and sleepless, displaying impressively hairy forearms and clutching a book bearing on its cover a photograph of Mr. Layton etc. . . . This circumstance, and a tiresome introduction by that professional cheer-leader William Carlos Williams ('When I first clapped eyes on the poems of Irving Layton, two years ago, I let out a yell of joy'), has to be ignored if one is to get at the real merit of much of the verse in the book. That it is possible is proved by the fact that a number of academic critics have already been at it like mice at strong cheese.

Mr. Layton isn't a controversial poet, though in the interests of publicity he naturally likes to give that impression. There is more or less unanimous agreement that when his verse is good it's very good and when it's bad it's horrid. As for his bawdiness, there is nothing about it that need seem strange to latter day puritans, for it is the bawdiness of a puritan standing on his head. That is to say, it isn't the sweet-singing natural bawdiness of popular ballads, but a rather forced, almost smug, salaciousness that owes a good deal (as Mr. Layton generously acknowledges) to D. H. Lawrence. Lawrence, unfortunately, was a prig about sex.

The bad poems are those which represent the poet slobbering over girls or tapping out poems on their hips and so on, or those in which he indulges a lofty pity for his suffering fellow-men, or those in which he 'swears by the gods,' or roars, or names the authors of Great Books, or more simply says 'Ah!'. The good ones are those in which he forgets to remember to be a Poet and is possessed by the poem instead, and sings. *To the Girls of My Graduating Class* seems to me the sort of poem that Mr. Layton does very well, or *Cemetery in August* or *Death of Moishe Lazarovitch*—indeed it is the sense of death, of the fleetingness of all that's beautiful, of all that's warm and alive, that brings out the best in this warm and lively poet. Even in otherwise undistinguished poems, too, he can strike suddenly into a vivid, piercing phrase or line, e.g.

They solved the monstrous riddle of time and self
And forgave the hour and the changed weather.

His best poems and his best lines have moved a number of critics to see the promise of greater things yet, and they may be right. Meanwhile it's time to stop referring to him as 'one of our younger poets' (though he is younger than some) and to allow that his best work is good enough to do without the damp epithet 'promising'.

Kildare Dobbs.

SELECTED POEMS: Lawrence Durrell; Faber and Faber; pp. 79; \$2.25.

Here is not an "important new poet." This little volume has been distilled from four other littler volumes. The distillation is not a highly distinguished blend.

The lyric poems of the opening section range in quality from the moving conclusion of "Lesbos"—

But the dispiriting autumn moon,
In her slow expurgation of the sky
Needs company: is brooding on the dead—
And so am I now, so am I—

to the unlitling finish of "Carol on Corfu"—

O per se O, I sing on,
Never tongue falters or Love lessens,
Lessens. The salt of the poem lives on
Like this carol of empty weather
Now feather and beak have gone.

The second or biographical group contains a deft little job on Horace—pure Auden, which is all to the good; but it also contains "Byron," a perverse exercise in which 118 had lines scowl at one another in sullen singularity. The third group comprises poems of landscape, mainly Aegean; Mr. Durrell is justly celebrated for his travel books. "Good Lord Nelson" is a rollicking somewhat bawdy ballad seemingly scored for parish-hall baritone on a bender. "Ballad of Psychoanalysis" is as funny as you could wish it.

The intention of this review is to encourage the reader without over-encouraging the poet. William Blissett.

YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE: Ogden Nash; Little, Brown & Co. (Canada) Ltd.; pp. 190; \$4.25.

A solemn critic would be rash
To bicker over Ogden Nash
Whose whim and wit command hard cash
And are, to corn a phrase, a smash.
Distilled from some self-fizzing mash
They make a tangy cocktail splash
Among the blasé and the brash;
The cur who calls it balderdash
Is doomed to salt mines or the lash;
Their teeth his imitators gnash
When offering their feeble hash
Of Ogden's wine-filled calabash...
Let all such efforts burn to ash
And perish, like all mimic trash—
Who robs light verse, steals vintage Nash.

Vernal House.

WOMEN IN A VILLAGE: Louisa Rayner; British Book Service; pp. 247; \$4.25.

THE UNFORGOTTEN: Ilse Stanley; Reginald Saunders; pp. 375; \$6.50.

Not far from the Topcider River near the city of Belgrade in Yugoslavia is a small village called Rusanj. For centuries armies have ebbed and flowed up the valley where it lies, but life in its most primitive peasant aspect has changed little for three thousand years. Louisa Rayner, an English-woman married to a Yugoslav businessman, took refuge there with her child during the bombing of Belgrade in 1944. Mrs.

Rayner is a classics scholar and the life she observed about her, though primitive, germ-laden, governed by superstition and folk custom, revealed beneath superficial differences and difficulties its unity with the pattern of life described by Homer. Here was Penelope at her loom while her husband was absent in the camp of the Germans, the young women "low girl" to work in the fields as Homeric slave women were, not far in miles from the great cities of modern Europe but ages removed in their way of living.

The houses were unsightly within from soot and uncomfortable with bed-bugs, the women worn out by the work of the fields and, particularly the young women and children, wracked with tuberculosis. Yet here the writer found no doors locked and was able to buy her share of their scarce food, nor did these good folk hesitate to crowd themselves still further to make room for the helpless city folk who were, in a sense thrust upon them. Very few of these women took sides in the quarrel, for if any soldier came by, German or Chetnik, he was somebody's son or husband and they fed him at whatever risk.

This is a quiet book with its own penetrating light to throw upon the social and political scene in that part of Eastern Europe. It is a woman's view, domestic and limited in a way, but deep and contemplative. If the insight, and understanding of people so "other" displayed by Mrs. Rayner could be more widespread, we could look forward with more hope and less fear to the immediate future in Europe.

The Unforgotten is another woman's eye view of that most recent European catastrophe and the events leading up to it. This story so widely advertised in the past several months is that of a Jewish actress turned social worker who was engaged in working for her people in Berlin during the years of persecution from 1933-39. Behind "Women in a Village" is a quiet self-effacing person who never-the-less did her small part toward better understanding. Not so Ilse Stanley a flamboyant character who obviously flourishes on applause and limelight. This is not to underestimate the unusual qualities of courage and resourcefulness which she commanded in order to rescue over four hundred people from almost certain death in the concentration camps, by using her influence to secure forged documents and by going herself to the very gates to bring people out, but she tells us so insistently how wonderful she was and is in the face of these physical and spiritual horrors, that we are reminded of Jacob in the old testament. The Essaus in Ilse Stanley's personal life get short shrift too.

Certainly her record is a great testament to the strength of her convictions about the power of brotherly love, and the feeling of being one of God's chosen vessels never wavered. The first part of this book is an amazing record of both courage and forgiveness. The second, concerning her personal struggles to make a place for herself in the asphalt jungles of New York, is less interesting and not as well written, although her thoughts about the mistakes being made by the State Department in Washington with regard to the role of the United States in re-forming post-war Germany are worth pondering.

This book suffers from the break in its subject matter, for though revolving around one person to an extreme degree, it is concerned with what could have been two different lives, the one aspect very much more unusual than the other.

Hilda Kirkwood.

... AND THE RAIN MY DRINK: Han Suyin; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 319; \$3.95.

It is only by a stretch of the imagination that these impressions of Malaya could be called a work of fiction. They

are much more in the nature of an eye-witness journalistic report, worthy of a Philip Deane. Dr. Suyin, who has the advantage of being called into the centre of things continually because of her medical status, has an objective, unemotional interest in people and things, and a sensitivity to nuances of atmosphere and meaning plus that uncanny memory for detail which is supposed to be the gift of female journalists. This virtue has its lapses and does not extend to creating believable male characters. However, she does present what seems to be an accurate assessment of the motivations of the numerous people making up the life of Malaya today under the emergency, from jungle guerilla to Singapore administrator.

Although a slight plot has been superimposed upon the 67 characters, it is never clear whether the author presents them as items in a current account of Malaya or as pieces furthering the story. The reader is also left wondering by such names as Fanette Archway for a French interior decorator, or Closeup for a photographer. When the end of the book still brings new characters who offer their considered viewpoint of the emergency, one begins to long for a little action.

Perhaps Dr. Suyin's honesty has prevented her from manufacturing a synthetic dramatic plot. There is conflict enough in culture and purpose among Malayan, Chinese, and English. Had she strengthened the autobiographical incidents and developed her own part to give the novel some focus, she would have held the reader longer. Ironically her own attitude seems a little Blimpish, a type of "muddling through"—every one is a little right and a little wrong; neither force will win; everything will work out in time.

Book blurbs and reviews have constantly commended Dr. Suyin's "remarkable gifts for description," "rare sense of the value and fitness of words," "a poet's eye," "astonishing feel for language." Consternation is a more likely reaction. Chapters that begin "Soft is violence, a silken-handed compulsion as of breath moving with secure grace to the idiot slackness of its end" leaves this reader with the sense of having swallowed a wet towel. Hyphenated participles, inappropriate adverbs, metaphorical verbs abound, arising possibly from an attempt to force English into the constructions of another language. A syllabic error such as "she split on a scheme to . . ." when she must mean "she lit on a scheme . . ." would seem to indicate a speaking error which has been carried over into writing. Dr. Suyin needs an English language purist in her entourage who will fearlessly argue with her on style, for when she writes straightforwardly she is excellent.

Joan Fox.

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TALES RETOLD UNDER THE OLD TOWN CLOCK:

William Coates Borrett; Ryerson; pp. 212; \$4.00.

THE LIVING LEGEND: Alan Phillips; Little, Brown & Company; pp. 328; \$4.50.

Both these books take their place on the growing shelf of books devoted to Canada's colorful past. The first is a selection from a series of radio talks "designed to revive memories of bygone days and events which have made Nova Scotia Canada's most storied province"; the second is subtitled: "The Story of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police".

While both books are based on fact, many of their tales lie on the borderline between history and folklore.

The twenty-eight stories in Borrett's collection cover a good part of Nova Scotia's history from the first settlements in Acadia to the second World War. Among the figures who appear are Captain Kidd, who, despite his reputation, was *not* a pirate; Mary Read, who was a pirate in addition to being a soldier and a sailor; and the romantic warrior, Charles de la Tour. Familiar themes such as the return of the Arcadians, and buried treasure, are explored, and the unsolved sea mysteries of the *Mary Celeste* and the S.S. *City of Boston* are recalled. The subjects are interesting enough to make a fascinating book, but unfortunately they gain little in the re-telling. Many of them are too brief to bring out the drama, and few manage to give us any real insight into the past. On the whole, the collection is disappointing.

On the other hand, I found *The Living Legend* much better than I expected. Because our friends in Hollywood have seized upon the RCMP with so much enthusiasm, we tend to approach any re-telling of their story somewhat cautiously. But while Mr. Phillips certainly doesn't attempt to de-glamorize them, he has managed to write a lively and readable book about some of their more famous exploits. His straightforward and vivid narration brings to life their battle with rumrunners, narcotics rings, stock rustlers, murderers, and swindlers. Among the more famous affairs recalled are the capture of Albert Johnson, Gouzenko's revelation of the Russian spy ring, and the uncovering of Valdemar's financial chicanery in Newfoundland. There are probably many less flattering things that could be said about the RCMP, but Mr. Phillips does manage to convince you that there is quite a bit to be said in their favor.

Edith Fowke.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

THE BREAKDOWN OF NATIONS: Leopold Kohr; Routledge & Kegan Paul; pp. xii + 244; 30/

Theorists have often discussed the optimum size for political units and practical statesmanship has often been concerned with securing the desired size for a particular state. Mr. Kohr's ideas as to the optimum size for sovereign states, or for member states in a federation, are made clear by a series of maps appearing as appendices to this book. The text provides the reason why. It is simplicity itself: bigness is the real cause of all evil and no moral principles can resist for long the temptation to wrongdoing and even to the commission of atrocities which power presents. Those who are too powerful to fear retribution are irresponsible. Mr. Kohr's reasoning takes him far beyond the political sphere and the reader feels that the dislike of mere size is as much emotional as rational.

If, for any reason, large and powerful states become necessary they should be formed by the union of small components (Cornwall is one of the examples!) which are reasonably equal in size and strength. It is also essential that no probable combination of these member states should be in a position to dominate the others.

History abounds in instances of power which has been abused. These instances provide illustrations rather than proof for Mr. Kohr's thesis. One difficulty is that elements other than size may be present. For instances, many of the examples are supplied by the behaviour of unorganized crowds, others by occasions on which an individual behaves badly because the fear of punishment has been removed. Another difficulty is that the causes of preventive wars are not examined and many of the wars of the last hundred years have been essentially preventive wars begun or provoked by a state which feared that it was in danger of losing its superiority. Sometimes size is excused because its effects are mitigated by distance. The cultural achievements of selected small and selected large cities are contrasted to the disadvantage of the latter and so too are criminal statistics. It is a somewhat damaging admission that small powers may be aggressors although, of course, small scale wars do not do much harm.

The statesman who aspires to break nations down gets little help from Mr. Kohr. He can offer them more voting power in an international organization in which each "state" has an equal vote; but the extra votes will give additional power if the association is stronger than any probable league of its component members. The United States might indeed have forty-eight votes instead of one if each state were a member, but China or India could immediately acquire greater voting strength by the same process.

There is a strong case for avoiding great disparities of power among federating states but Mr. Kohr has weakened his argument by extending it far beyond the sphere of politics and far beyond the sphere of human relations and a considerate reader might begin and end his study with the maps.

H. F. Angus.

EDWARD BLAKE: IRISH NATIONALIST: Margaret A. Banks; University of Toronto Press; pp. xii, 370; \$5.50.

This is an able study of a little known aspect of Edward Blake's career: his fifteen years (1892-1907) as an Irish Nationalist member of the British House of Commons.

Although Canadian-born and Anglican, Blake was of Southern Irish descent, both his parents having emigrated from Ireland to Canada in the 1830s. After serving first as premier of Ontario and later as national Liberal leader, he broke with his party in 1891, largely owing to his unwillingness to support reciprocity with the United States. The next year, when he was invited by the Irish parliamentary party to stand for South Longford, he promptly accepted the offer. He more than once voiced his belief in Home Rule for both Canada and Ireland, although in fact the term is not strictly applicable to this country. Blake preferred a federal system for Great Britain, with local legislatures (like those of the Canadian provinces) for England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, and a central parliament for the whole country, in which all these regions should be represented. He was enough of a realist, however, to recognize that there was little likelihood of securing such a scheme. Hence he threw himself wholeheartedly into the struggle for Irish Home Rule.

On his arrival in Ireland he was hailed by Tim Healey as "the Gladstone of Canada." Another supporter prophesied that he would become prime minister of the first Home Rule government of Ireland. But before long there were signs that both Blake and the Nationalists were disappointed in each other. He soon confided to Justin McCarthy that if he had realized the extent of the internecine warfare among the supporters and opponents of Parnell, he would not have left Canada to join them. As a leading member of the party

he was on intimate terms with most of the prominent Irish Nationalists, and for more than a decade did what he could to try to effect a reconciliation between their various factions.

Miss Banks' study emphasises Blake's untiring efforts for the Irish cause. He took part in committees and conferences and addressed public meetings all over the British Isles, as well as in Canada and the United States. There is abundant evidence that his advice and enthusiasm were appreciated. The author shows that it is quite incorrect to assess his contribution to Irish nationalism solely or even chiefly on the basis of his rather rare speeches in the House of Commons. At a time when British members of parliament were unpaid, most Irish members could not afford without financial assistance to attend sessions at Westminster. One of Blake's great contributions was the help he gave in financing the Irish parliamentary party, both by generous personal donations and by constant and successful endeavours to raise funds in North America.

The personal reserve and aloofness which hampered his political career in Canada made him considered "too stiff for the boys" by many Irishmen who lamented his inability to be hail fellow well met. Irish like Canadian politicians found him somewhat cold and withdrawn. Blake was too proud, too impatient, and too sensitive to criticism to take really kindly to the hurly burly of political life in any country. Miss Banks comments that "writing letters of resignation appears to have been almost a hobby with him," although when he threatened to resign he was usually ill as well as discouraged.

Students of Canadian history cannot fail to find interest in this book, though the details of internal dissensions among the Irish Nationalists sometimes obscure the wider issues involved. The study also contains much of interest to the student of British politics. Bryce and Morley, for instance, in 1893 sought the help of leading Irish Nationalists, and in particular of Blake as an expert constitutional lawyer, in shaping a Home Rule Bill which might be acceptable both to the Irish and to English Liberals. Blake managed to combine being an imperialist and an Irish Nationalist, for he believed that Home Rule would strengthen, not weaken, the Empire.

He went to Ireland acutely conscious of the handicaps imposed by his Canadian background on his new career. He seems genuinely to have expected to remain simply a rank and file member of the party. But his striking abilities precluded such a role, and he inevitably became a leader. At bottom, however, Blake was too independent to be a good party man. As Goldwin Smith once observed, "No one was better qualified to win a Chancery suit or less qualified to lead men."

E. Wallace.

MY SECRET DIARY OF THE DREYFUS CASE. 1894-1899: Maurice Paléologue; translated from the French by Eric Mosbacher; pp. 230; \$4.25.

In the course of her long history France has frequently provided the western world with a pre-view of subsequent social, political and religious developments. The trial of Alfred Dreyfus by a court martial in 1894 ushers in, as it were, the Century of the mock trial, whether it be the Reichstag fire variety, the Moscow variety or trial by senatorial committee. This phenomenon is a characteristic of our age as the works of writers like Kafka and Camus bear witness. It puts the Dreyfus Case in an illuminating perspective, and the Affair itself, though by now it has its duly classified place in history, nevertheless in its turn is still important for the light it sheds on the present. It may not be altogether a coincidence that the French edition of

Paléologue's diary appeared in the same year (1955) as Guy Chapman's remarkable book on the subject.

The atmosphere of international tension and fear in which these events took place (and which resembles in no small measure the situation in the world today) is skilfully evoked throughout the pages of the Diary; the race for armaments, the presence, east of the Rhine, of a predatory military power, and in the background the bogey, fostered by Drumont and his anti-Semitic *Libre Parole*, of an occult power international in scope and naturally working for the downfall of France. From the point of view of the War Office, security measures took precedence over everything else, as the Revision at Rennes was to prove: there, it was not so much a matter of the guilt or innocence of Dreyfus as a vote of confidence in General Mercier; a manifestation against the foreign enemy.

The picture of Dreyfus which emerges from these pages is strikingly suggestive of the 'absurd man' Camus has portrayed in *L'Etranger* in the person of Meursault. He is guilty for "the mere fact of having been accused" and he baffles all the attempts of the Statistical Section to cast him in the rôle they had chosen for him. Or again, one might say that his "treason" (like Arnauld's heresy, as described by Pascal) was a personal one. It was his very person that was treasonable. Following the degradation ceremony, Paléologue admits: "If I had any doubts about Dreyfus's guilt during the judicial proceedings, I no longer have them now . . . to have lent himself so docilely so passively to such a torture, the man must be devoid of moral sensibility. Not a gesture of revolt, not a cry of horror, not a tear, not a murmur! . . . all his protestations (of innocence) sounded false."

And again, at Rennes in August, 18 . . . "I recognised these pathetic phrases (Dreyfus's protestations of innocence) having heard them on the sinister morning of the degradation; then they had given me the inner certainty that Dreyfus was lying. Why, now that I *knew* they were true, did they still sound so false to my ear? . . . There is something incomprehensible and doomed about him, like the hero of an ancient tragedy."

But the element of tragedy transcended the mere person of Dreyfus. Paléologue describes an evening at Madame Auberon's during which the egregious Brunetière, with the vigor of the neophyte, proclaimed: "Without courts there can be no society, gentlemen! Therefore, have respect for the *res judicata*." To which Paul Hervieu and others replied: "Certainly justice is the foundation of society,—but justice is based, not on law courts but on law . . . A man's honour is no less precious than the honour of an army." The drama, for Paléologue, was not lacking in grandeur, since it had "set at grips two sacred feelings, love of justice and patriotism." Admittedly these feelings, were shared by a relatively small number of Frenchmen, nevertheless one might say that the world has seen trials since then in other countries, but no Greek tragedy.

But this urbane and fascinating book is not a history of the Affair; it is no more than what it claims to be: the personal diary (suitably arranged after the event, for posthumous publication) of a distinguished diplomat who, from the death in November 1884 of Alexander III to the founding of the Russian Alliance and finally to the achievement of the *Entente Cordiale*, was intimately associated with the events which set the stage for the First World War, and who at the same time represented the Quai d'Orsay in giving evidence concerning the Affair before the Court of Cassation and at Rennes. It is interesting to note throughout the air of superiority with which the Quai d'Orsay regarded the War Office in the rue St. Dominique, and

much stress is put on the fact that Gabriel Hanotaux, whose clairvoyance is made to appear almost too uncanny for belief, did his best to dissuade Mercier from charging Dreyfus. The counter-espionage experts of the Statistical Section (what a pity Officers of the Army had to be involved in such work!) had gratuitously created the whole difficulty. The code of honour amongst diplomats made it possible for the representatives of the Quai d'Orsay to accept the protestations of their Italian and German opposite numbers that Dreyfus was unknown to them, whereas for Lieutenant-Colonel Henry and his colleagues all Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers were liars *ipso facto*, especially Germans and Italians. Paléologue has his own theory as to the identity of the true villains of the piece, who had been active since 1886 and who presumably continued their activities until 1896, two years after Dreyfus's incarceration on Devil's Island. He names two of these. "The third, on whom no suspicion yet rests, is an officer of very high rank who, after holding important office in the War Ministry for several years, is now in command of troops." If, even in a diary destined to be published posthumously, the author refrains from naming his third villain, one can only assume that he had little to advance by way of proof, or that he was no more interested in revealing the truth than Madame Henry was when Paléologue himself hoped she would "talk" at Rennes.

The translation by Eric Mosbacher is excellently done. He has allowed one or two resounding gallicisms to remain, but as these are highly amusing, one may assume their inclusion to be intentional.

J.G.A.

CANADA'S IMMIGRATION POLICY: A CRITIQUE:

David C. Corbett; University of Toronto Press; pp. 215; \$4.00.

Professor Corbett has prepared for the responsible citizen a stimulating essay in political economy, on a subject characterized by its world significance and notorious neglect. With a forthright and lucid if not gracious style, he holds up for critical appraisal each of the many facets of our immigration policy, and moves confidently from analysis to prescription. In an area of political action like this, in which tentative and delicate decisions have been entrusted to the Cabinet—well out of reach of parliamentary or judicial scrutiny—Canada should feel grateful for the presence of an alert academic critic.

Two themes predominate in the discussion of Canada's immigration policy: the economic and the ethnic. Corbett, like the Government, is "bullish" about Canada's economic future, and presents a persuasive argument for the positive role that population growth, bolstered by a vigorous migratory influx, can play in that future. His argument is based in part on the proposition that such growth played an indispensable role in Canada's first boom epoch of 1896-1913, and in part on the plausible inferences from fairly convincing theoretical bases. If our physical and financial resources were moderate in scale, increments of labor might well yield diminishing returns, but this proposition

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can with little hesitation be categorized as irrelevant. In an overpopulated world, Canada is absolutely as well as relatively underpopulated. Professor Corbett also derives theoretical satisfaction for his thesis from Keynesian sources: the immigrant as consumer can represent the necessary spur to investment in an economy which might otherwise drift into the capitalistic bog of chronic underemployment. In specific terms, he advocates an increase from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand immigrants per annum, to be modified downward in the event of symptoms of uneasiness in the economy.

For the reviewer, the major importance of the economic argument is its direct bearing on the ethnic aspect of immigration policy. The Cabinet has imposed a discriminatory scheme of preferential admission with regard to considerations of race and culture, presumably in reflection of what it regards as the prejudices of the populace. A completely liberal and tolerant policy is undoubtedly unfeasible. But the world is gradually losing patience with ethnic discrimination—even when cloaked for respectability's sake in terms of relative assimilability—in the face of dire material necessity. Canada has a unique opportunity to experiment in international ethics, with a higher probability of gains than losses from an economic point of view, and with immeasurable possible advantages to her position in the arena of international politics. In fact, failure to remove some of the more distasteful barriers with which we shield ourselves from contact with different peoples can only lead to a lowering of our world stature, for these peoples are well aware of our most fortunate demographic position. The most important message of Professor Corbett's admirable essay is that our immigration policy, if not revised, will be a symbol of our failure in our responsibilities as world citizens.

N. B. Ryder.

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THE BOLD COLONIAL BOY

(Continued from front page)

cowboy accents the familiar hot air about a great family of nations, was bound to cheer the old folks at home.

Back in Canada, Mr. Diefenbaker will have to make the most of the magic of his success in the election. He will have to work hard to consolidate the myth that the success, such as it was, was a personal triumph, and the result of his own campaigning. But the truth is that the electorate voted the Liberals out without considering very well who it was they were voting in. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Diefenbaker is a big enough man for the office which has been thrust upon him.

KILDARE DOBBS.